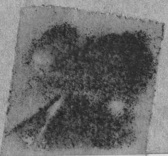


MARTIN  
Box  
1914

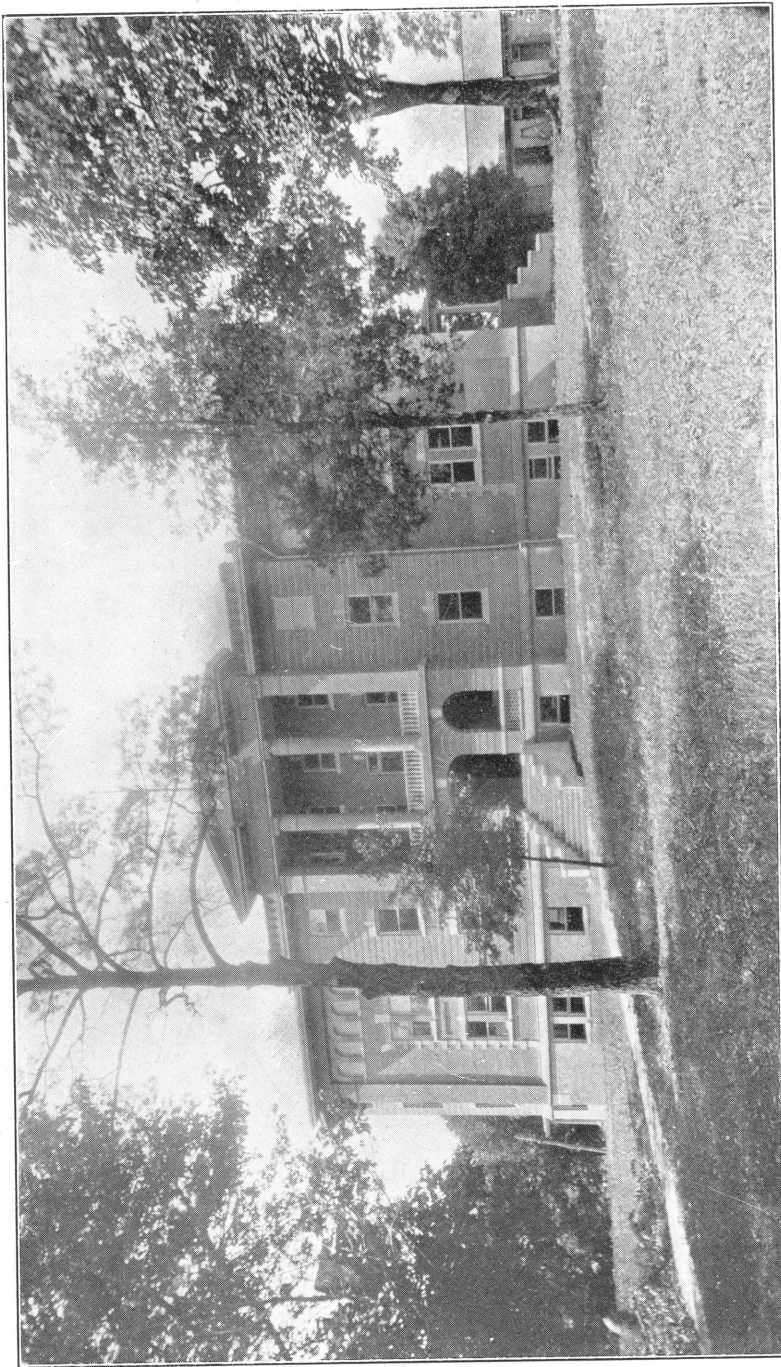






To Miss Bernu  
From Paul Allen  
Via Mr. Siford



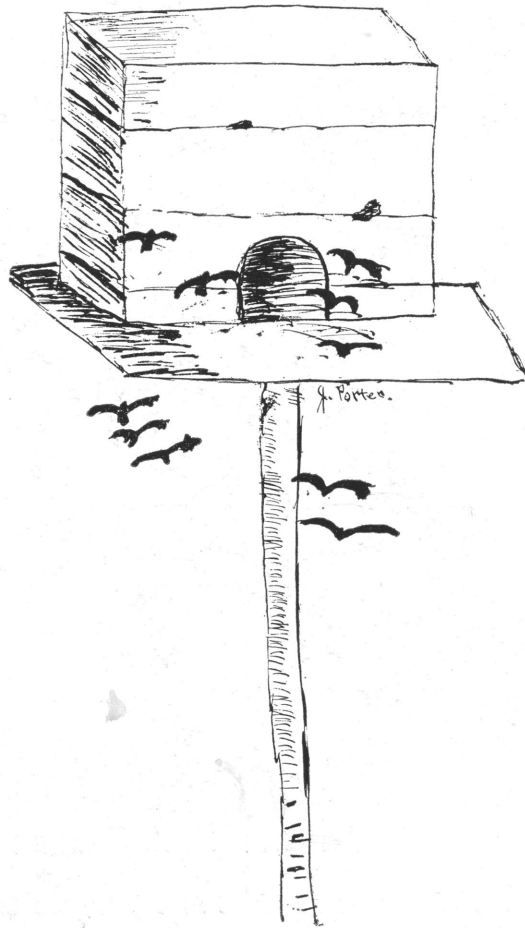


MAIN BUILDING



# MARTIN BOX

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VOL. IV

Published annually by the Phi Kappa and Philosophian Literary Societies  
of Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn.





To Mrs. Cornelia Clark Cannon

*"Because she gives her best to others, we would  
give our best to her."*



TO MRS. CANNON

*Here's to the one who in the chapel doth stay,  
On that sweet face, an unpleasant look never,  
As we cross her path unnumbered times a day;  
Here's to Mrs. Cannon, the dearest ever.*

*Here's to the one who our sorrows puts to flight,  
And sends us on rejoicing, happy and gay,  
Our hearts all uplifted and burdens light;  
Here's to Mrs. Cannon, who fills with sunshine  
the day.*

—Zoe Cox.



## Greetings from the Class of 1913

I stood, as it were and watched on the shore  
While the great ship tossed with the burden it bore.  
What ship? Why the College Ship of 1912 and 13,  
Bearing the happy, the merry, class of seventeen.

Whence and where are they sailing, you say?  
From Martin College, since graduation day.  
Like the poet, they once slept and saw life in its beauty  
But they're just waking and realize that life is duty.

With anxious hearts some wait and watch for the shore,  
Others are chatting, and singing, and in merriment galore  
Think naught how rough the sea of life ahead;  
Nor of the day when they'll have no mother to tuck them in bed.

But, alas! The sea is restless, a storm is raging near—  
The great billows pile high and the voyagers fear,  
For Life's sea has some rough sailing like every other,  
And girls can't always sail along with Father and Mother.

But this, when they left the port, they all knew,  
And they're sailing with this fact in view.  
But ho! A handsome young sailor appears in a vessel alone—  
Said one fair maid, "I prefer a ship and captain all of my own."

As the good ship moves quietly on, others watch if perchance  
Again such luck, when lo! a ship laden with children—a glance  
And several of the maidens heed the call to teach the fair youth,  
Instruct them in wisdom, urge them to fear God and love the truth.

Before they are far out in life's sea,  
Others, ambitious and desiring independent to be,  
Find places where honest, respectable help is needed;  
They, too, are ready and by them the call is heeded.

The good old Ship of College continues yet to sail,  
Three of its crew o'er their books bend till daylight grows pale.  
The rest are in society, how long no one can tell,  
But from all directions I listen, methinks I hear the wedding bell.

To the Class of 1914, we extend all good wishes;  
Be not discouraged, the sea is yet full of fishes.  
Yes and many "suckers" but perhaps the best are yet to be seen.  
I drink to your happiness in behalf of the Class of 1913.

MAMIE MADRY, '13.





### Foreword

To all who are interested in our Martin Box, we send forth these pages, hoping that in after years they may serve as happy reminders of a happy school life. May they go forth as the martins from their box bearing to you many messages of love and good will.

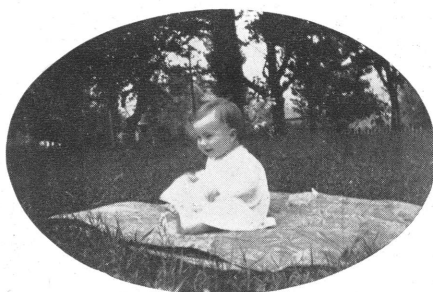




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## History of Martin College

**J**UST when she was needed most, just when the South cried for women, not only ready and willing to sacrifice, but also capable and glad to do for her, just then was Martin College established. In 1870 this school was organized and named "Martin" in honor of Mr. Thomas Martin, who left it a permanent endowment of thirty thousand dollars.

After almost fifty years of glorious history, after this half century spent in developing thousands of Southern girls into noble, Christian womanhood, surely we can decide that Martin College is a true thing. Nothing has been able to overshadow her good work for any considerable length of time, because she is serving the purpose for which she was created and has earned her right to live.

In 1904 the old college buildings were burned, but out of these ruins has arisen a greater school. Martin College still lives and each year has life even more abundant.

For the last five years the school has been owned by the Tennessee Annual Conference, and is under the control of a board appointed by the conference.

Martin College is now having the best year in the history of the school, and this year's students have the joy of seeing the long-desired dormitory being erected. We love Martin College and we join in good wishes for her continued prosperity.

God bless our school.

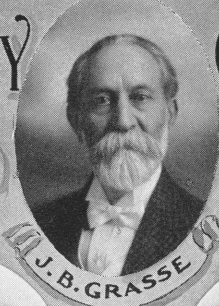
May the Lord speed the day when education, which is a part of his great work, shall pervade the earth, and every day shall say with a heart overflowing with gratitude to his Creator, "Whereas I was blind, now I can see." May Martin College never cease to do her full part in this great work, but may her influence grow and grow and grow until thousands and thousands who have, through her, approached near to the absolute knowledge of the Infinite One, shall "rise up and call her blessed." May she so lead souls aright that she may hear the silent voice of her Savior say, "She hath done what she could."

LUCILE TURNER, '13.



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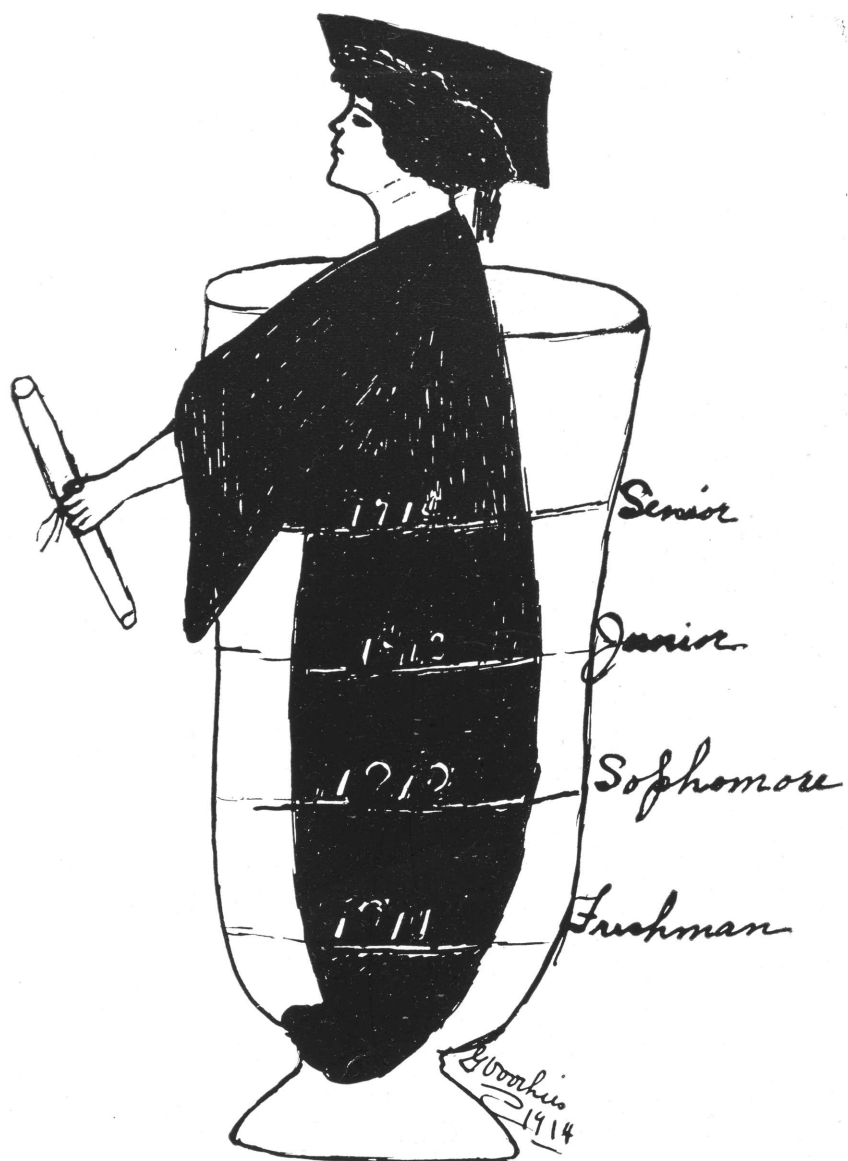
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*Principal of the Home Department*

OPIE POPE BRENT

Maple Hill Seminary; Professional Training, Lebanon Infirmary

*Matron, Nurse*



SENIOR

## Senior Class

COLORS: *Black and Gold*

FLOWER: *Black-eyed Susan*

MOTTO: "*Semper Altius*"

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LUCILE ALLEN HERIGES	GLADYS VOORHIES
LUCILE HUNTER	MARGARET JOSEPHINE WALLACE

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GLADYS VOORHIES

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LELA ABERNATHY WILKES	

#### VOICE

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SARAH KATHERINE STONE	

### POST GRADUATE

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LUCILE TURNER	





HATTIE BELLE HENLEY

Williamsport, Tennessee

*"To know her is to love her."*



LUCILE ALLEN HERIGES

Johnsonville, Tennessee

*"The world must have great minds."*



LUCILE HUNTER

Pulaski, Tennessee

*"Joy follows in her wake."*



WILMA BOYCE ISOM

Nashville, Tennessee

*"Her soul shines from her glorious eyes,  
Like sunshine from the clouded skies."*



CLEVIE McCARTY

Roberta, Georgia

*"To those who know thee not,  
No words can paint;  
And those who know thee  
Know all words are faint."*



BIRDIE ELLEN MILLER

McEwen, Tennessee

*"Let me live in a house  
By the side of the road and be a friend to man."*



HUGH ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY

Pulaski, Tennessee

*"In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth."*



HATTIE WILBUR NICHOLS

Spring Hill, Tennessee

*"Maiden with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dust of evening skies."*



MABEL LEE PENTECOST

Dickson, Tennessee

*"Great in mind and body."*





ESTHER SAWYER

Samson, Alabama

*"Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired."*



ADELAIDE PAINE SEVIER

Savannah, Tennessee

*"Music hath her soul enriched."*



BESSIE SISK

Pulaski, Tennessee

*"A daughter of the Gods,  
Divinely tall, divinely fair."*



SARAH HELEN SMITH

Pulaski, Tennessee

*"One who never turned her back,  
But marched breast forward."*



ESTELLE SMITH

College Grove, Tennessee

*"In every gesture, dignity and love."*



SARAH KATHERINE STONE

Pulaski, Tennessee

*"Her soul shines from her eyes."*



LUCILE TURNER

Pulaski, Tennessee

*"A soul of power."*



GLADYS VOORHIES

Pulaski, Tennessee

*"Roses, you are not so fair after all."*



MARGARET JOSEPHINE WALLACE

Pulaski, Tennessee

*"An inspiration to those who know her."*





LELA ABERNATHY WILKES

Culleoka, Tennessee

*"Music a light to her soul hath brought."*

MRS. CORNELIA CLARK CANNON

Class Sponsor

Pulaski, Tennessee

*"She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone, or despise;  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low esteemed in her eyes."*



# From Dawn to Close of Day

## MORNING

THE beginning of the Senior Class shall be dated 1910, although some of the girls have been here since Martin College began.

It was in the early morning that fifteen little maidens with tear-stained faces left their homes for Martin College. With trembling hearts they entered, and passed the first day in much physical and mental agony. Up to this time everything had been as play, life had been all frolic and fun. Even study had been a pleasure. Before reaching this "renowned institution of learning," these girls had heard of the monsters, Latin and Rhetoric, which they would encounter during their first year. They found this to be true, and rebelled at the seemingly impossible task put upon them.

However, after the first few weeks the outlook was more hopeful, and with renewed courage, the class took up its work with zeal and enthusiasm; for next year would they not be "Sophs" instead of "Freshies?"

With this thought in mind the final exams. were passed, and the maidens (wiser in their own minds, at least), left for their vacation.

## NOON

It was in the noontide heat that the Sophomores resumed their journey, with six new members added to the ranks. Proud of their title this year, they looked back upon the beginners with something of scorn and disdain, although they were charitable enough to warn them of some of the dangerous places they would find along the path. But this haughty spirit gradually disappeared with the routine of work fully established. How they envied the Juniors the privilege of room-study, and of participating in the Junior-Senior Reception! Faithfully, patiently, the girls toiled through the second year, all striving for the same goal, and with a class spirit unequaled in the following years. Again the exams. and the departure of the girls.

## AFTERNOON

The mid-day heat being passed, the class reassembled and began work. Only sixteen out of the class of the preceding year returned, for several being wearied by the heat of the noon, and the burdens of the day, had either given up the struggle or fallen by the wayside. Some perhaps entered other fields of service. With half the journey completed, the class, or Juniors as they should rightly be called, laid aside the frivolities of their former years, and with more interest entered the road of "Juniordom." Here indeed, were found mountains, but they became as mole hills before the searching minds of these girls. It was well that the class was famed for its goodness during its third year, for though unknown, many dangers were ahead. Thus passed the happiest and best year.

## EVENING

In the cool of the evening, with the last rays of the glowing sun as a fitting background, twenty-four dignified Seniors began the work of their last year in school. Many changes had taken place since 1910. Now the way was easier and many pleasant events brightened the path. And with the end in sight, are they glad that their school days are so nearly ended? How much those four years have meant to them! What friendships have been formed among students and teachers, the girls' lives being made better and nobler thereby.

With the end of day, there appears in the twilight shadows, great fields of usefulness lying before them, inviting them as it were, to do their part in enriching the world and other lives by their own personality. May they ever be true to the highest ideals of their dear Alma Mater, and to her loyal teachers, who have so faithfully and lovingly shaped their lives in "all the ways of truth." And with such an opportunity may the girls, in the strength of their young womanhood, go forth to find their places in the world, and fill them with unfailing courage.

Thus as the day passes with the rising sun, the noon-day heat, and the evening shadows, so passes life through its varying phases, bringing with it the sweet assurance that

"The day is done and darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in its flight.  
And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

LUCILE HERIGES.





# Senior Class Prophecy

## DIARY

MAY 26.

As I sit alone to-night, my thoughts wander back ten long years ago to that graduation scene at dear old Martin,—the brilliantly lighted Chapel, the throng of people, the twenty-five dignified figures dressed in snowy white, and best of all the sight of those "hard worked for" diplomas. Little Diary, I wish you could tell me what has become of all those dear girls, but this being impossible, I shall now close my eyes, and hope to dream of each one.

MAY 27.

This has been one of the happiest days of my life. At noon the postman brought me the following invitation:

"Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wynn  
request your presence at the Reunion of the Class of 1914,  
June twenty-fourth."

MAY 28.

It seems like a world of things can be accomplished, when one has some great event to which to look forward. This morning, I went down to purchase a new bonnet, and who should come to wait on me but that beloved room-mate of mine, Chita. Chita trimming hats! I do remember when she did that stunt to go to Elkmont, but never thought such would be her occupation, because the wearer of *that* Parisian creation seemed to captivate entirely the heart of at least *one* "Athenian". I asked Chita why she didn't teach, but she said she couldn't stand teaching, even though she was always fond of "schoolmasters". She did say she would have become a stenographer if she could have obtained a position with the Union Bank & Trust Co. After this bit of personal conversation, Chita imparted her decision to go home on a visit a little sooner than intended, in order to attend the Alumni Meeting at Pulaski. Hence, we planned for our trip to be together, leaving Jacksonville, June twenty-second.

MAY 29 TO JUNE 22.

This time has passed rapidly, and nothing has received my attention save the necessary preparations for my journey to Tennessee.

JUNE 22.

Chita and I left Jacksonville early with the intention of having some time for shopping in Atlanta, before taking a train for Nashville. The scenery along the way was beautiful, and before long we found ourselves in the midst of a large peach grove. Looking out the window, I saw a tall, manly fellow—from underneath whose broad brimmed hat, there was perceived a large grin,—dropping peaches into a basket held by a slender woman dressed in a pink calico dress, and an enormous sunbonnet. Suddenly he called,

"Clevie," and when she responded "yes",—we hastened out to see dear "Cousy" and "Gil," as they were known at Martin. Nothing would do but that we spend the night at their beautiful country home. Everything is lovely here, and I am very happy to be able to write in my diary, dated—Ga. (?), and at "Cousy's" home.

JUNE 23.

Clevie, Chita and I, left Atlanta at nine P. M., and reached Nashville at seven A. M. Went to the Hermitage for breakfast, and while seated who should come in but Mrs.—— or 'Stelle, known at Martin. She said Van was at home minding the store (in which no Kewpies were sold), and attending to the chickens. She declared they had made enough money off milk, eggs, and butter to enable her to enjoy this wonderful trip. Our crowd now being composed of four, we decided to devote the entire day to sightseeing. 'Stelle suggested that we go to "Loyd's Pharmacy," this being the largest one on Church street. Upon entering we were almost smothered in caresses by a stylishly dressed lady, whom I knew at once as Wilma, or "Icy." It is strange how some people will throw away their literary genius for a "Pharmacist." Judging from Wilma's frequent letters at Martin, I would have prophesied her career to be a brilliant one with some "Joynt" Stock Company. Leaving here, 'Stelle expressed her desire to purchase a frock with her "chicken" money, so we entered a large shop, containing the latest imported fashions. Who should be the proprietor of this establishment, but our dear friend, Gladys. She is still young, and as beautiful as ever, and told us that she was "crazy" about her work. All the while I wondered if all the dentists had died, or if she had ceased those trips to Alabama, but judging from the large diamond she wore, I concluded that one of the above facts must be untrue. Anyway, Gladys couldn't go with us because "he" was coming that night.

Left Nashville at four P. M., arriving at Pulaski on that familiar seven o'clock train. Mr. Wynn met us in his new seven-passenger touring car, but just as I was entering, a Studebaker drove up, and out hopped Maggie. She insisted upon taking her old room-mates to her comfortable home on East Hill, where a perfect dinner awaited us. Maggie is still full of life, weighs about two hundred pounds, and the fact that she still retains her vocal ability, was exhibited in the form of a concert, in which Jack accompanied her with a trombone. This was greatly enjoyed. However, I am very glad that their residence is far enough away from the College to prevent the girls from being kept awake every night.

It is twelve o'clock, and this little book is full enough for one day.

JUNE 24.

The first thing on to-day's programme was to visit "Martin College." Was it possible that we stood before a brick building, which occupied the entire side of West Hill! There were beautiful fountains, flowers, and arbors on the campus, and as we approached the doors, I knew that the ambitions of our President were at last realized. Upon entering we were greeted by Mrs. Wynn, Mrs. Cannon, our beloved sponsor, and our class president, Sarah. Sarah is now Vice-President of Martin College, but from all I hear,

her ten years of teaching have not entirely crushed her love for one person, whom she met while in Birmingham. Sarah told me, much to my amazement, that Lucile Turner, our most modest and unassuming classmate, having changed her train of thought to a livelier channel, had established a "Select Dancing School for Girls".

Soon we were greeted by Bessie Sisk, now head Latin and French teacher at Martin. But this was not at all surprising, remembering Bessie's former love and devotion to the above subjects, especially Latin.

After carefully surveying the "Greater Martin College", we decided to go to the cafe for old time's sake. But on reaching the street, our attention was attracted by the sudden collapse of a buggy, upon which after careful inspection, could be found traces of yellow paint, applied ten years ago. The horse attached was not the high-spirited gray animal of former days, but being worn out with constant use, was now only fitted for truck gardening. The occupant of the vehicle wore a faded blue muslin frock with red trimmings, and a black sunbonnet; by the former we recognized our once so gay and sprightly schoolmate, Harriet Nichols B—. She was indeed glad to see us, despite her embarrassment at having her vegetables scattered over the street. This accident furnished a lively topic of conversation until we reached the cafe. Here we expected to see our former friends, Mr. and Mrs. G., but instead, who should insist upon our staying for lunch, but Mrs. Elizabeth Montgomery C., who after her husband's death, sold his interest in the Undertaking Establishment, and invested it in the cafe. It was really hard to believe that this figure, enveloped in the white cap and apron, was our old Teddy, who ten years ago, from her ambitions, would have been prophesied to become a world-known singer. Teddy proceeded to give us information concerning all our town classmates. 'Kat had succeeded in getting that first and only love, but it seemed Elkton was too quiet a place for her, so while L. remained there to care for the home, 'Kat went abroad to study Expression. Perhaps she had expressed herself too freely at home, and sought foreign shores. And Lucile, another of our Expression classmates, has a "School of Expression" in Boston. But Teddy says she hasn't forgotten the man who sent her that enormous bouquet, when she graduated at "Martin," and she thinks they will make "Mother Hunter" a visit soon.

And I almost forgot to record the most marvelous account. Bessie Bruce went to the San Francisco Exposition, and while there married a preacher (might know she would run away). They have a two-room cottage, and Bessie in some way manages to buy clothes from her husband's meagre salary of one hundred dollars per year. We enjoyed a delightful menu along with this conversation, and we were just upon the eve of departure, when a small woman, wearing a big white hat, entered. This was Titter, and she insisted that we go around to see her handsomely furnished home, her husband having left the city to purchase a new line of household furniture, picture frames and coffins. But it was now time to return to the College, for the dedication of the new Alumni Hall.

A delightful welcome was given by the President of the Alumni, Miss Margaret Wallace. Who would have dreamed of Margaret's speaking in public, but she, like all the other 1914 Seniors, is accomplishing great things! A delightful solo was rendered by Mrs. T.—, who came all the way from Columbia to give us the latest production,

"Spring is Coming." She said it would have been much more enjoyed if T. would have come with her to sing tenor. Another solo was that of Mademoiselle Cox, who had just returned from completing her course abroad. Her number was "Red Roses Bring Dreams of You." While she was singing, some one told me her "ten-year-ago" lover had moved out West, since which event Maggie Maud has worn mourning, and almost lived in seclusion, speaking socially. After the completion of the programme, we went back to Maggie's home to prepare for the climax,—the banquet from eight to eleven.

The College dining room was elaborately decorated, and the tables were so arranged that all class-mates could be together. I was seated between Hattie and Esther, or rather Mrs. B. and Mrs. ——. Largely by propounding questions, I learned that Hattie, *after* her wonderful operation for appendicitis, had so fallen in love with the physicians in general (?) that a year later, she had married a doctor. How surprising, after all that flirtation she used to carry on with those Massey boys! And Esther had been married ten long years! The girls at school had no idea, I am sure, that Esther was even engaged, much less the idea that she was going to slip off the train at Aspen Hill,—just far enough for Mr. Wynn not to "catch up" with her. We commented on the appropriateness of everything, especially the beautiful Richmond roses. Suddenly, Mabel spoke up and informed us that these were a present from ——— and her, and that their latest name was "Bennett's Roses." Just here Mr. Wynn arose to read the following letters:

TOKIO, JAPAN, June 1, 1924.

MY DEAR CLASSMATES:

Hoping you may receive this during the banquet, I am writing to tell you how sorry I am that I can not be present. How I should like to see you all, and know what each is doing.

I am well, and M. and I are pleased with our work. Bro. N. gets a good salary, and is making a success, having baptized seven persons in the last week.

With love and best wishes, I remain your missionary friend,

BIRDIE MILLER N—.

WHITE, TEXAS, June 22, 1924.

MY DEAR CLASSMATES:

How I wish I could be with you on the twenty-fourth, but it is impossible.

I am living on a large ranch, thirty miles from a railroad, and our buggy having broke down yesterday, there is no way for me to reach the station. You say ride a broncho, but this is one thing I have not learned to do, having been here only two weeks. Anyway, we cordially invite you to have an Alumnae Meeting on the plains of Texas, and "Jim" and I will meet you with our wonderful "one-horse-shay."

Lovingly,

LUCILE HERIGES ———.



It seemed like our number lacked one member, but not until Adelaide came rushing in, could I think who it was. She apologized for being late, saying that "they" had had a "blow out" on their way from "The Modern Grocery". "That's what I say about Fords," she exclaimed.

It seemed queer to sit beside these girls, whose lives had turned out so differently from that planned ten years ago. But each was young and happy just as she was during her College days at dear old Martin.

Good-night, little diary! For fear I shall be too sleepy to "make" the 4:30 train in the morning, I must put you away *safely*, that I may enjoy reading you when I return to my "Southern" home.

ELISE DOSS.







JUNIOR CLASS

## Junior Class

COLORS: *Green and Gold*

FLOWER: *Marechal Niel Rose*

### OFFICERS

ANNIE RUTH LEE . . . . .	<i>President</i>
ADELAIDE SEVIER . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
SAMMIE SMITH . . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MARY CLARKE JONES . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
EDITH HOOPER . . . . .	<i>Poet</i>
ESTHER NICHOLS . . . . .	<i>Prophet</i>

### MEMBERS

ANNE ABERNATHY  
MYRTLE ALLEN  
EMMIE CARNES  
WILMA GARRETT  
BONA GATLIN  
LOUISE HARVILL  
EDITH HOOPER  
LILLIAN JOHNSON

LYNETTE JONES  
MARY CLARKE JONES  
BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY  
ANNALEE KELLUM  
ANNIE RUTH LEE  
ANNA BELL McMILLION  
ESTHER NICHOLS

MARGARET RAGSDALE  
MILDRED RALSTON  
RUBY RANDOLPH  
MILDRED ROBERTS  
SINA RUSSELL  
SAMMIE SMITH  
ADELAIDE SEVIER  
LIZZIE WILSON



## "A Freshman Letter Home"

"DEAR MA: Wouder wrote you soonner but I aint had no time a tall since I been here. I like tolerable well as fur as I've went but it does seem a powerful piece from home. This here Rhetoric lesson what we've got fur teemorrow is purty nigh about to kill me but the teacher lowed it would soon be easy. When I got off the train at this place there was the biggest passle er folks I ever seen down at the station. I aint seen the Perfessor but once since I got here and that was when I got off the train. This sho is a pretty brick house and I never have saw sich a lot of pretty girls. Have any thing happened since I left home? Is the old horse what got crippled died yet? How's old Beck?

"Well, we all have jest got in our new uniform suits (I believe thats what they call 'em) and they are ever one jest alike. Well Ma I must close fur this time.

"Yours truly,

"BET SMITH."

After she becomes a Junior the following letter goes home:

"MY MOST ADORABLE MOTHER DEAR: Have been so perfectly enraptured by one of Scott's novels since getting your delightful letter that I have scarcely had a spare moment. You are not peeved are you, pet? It has been utterly impossible to write before now and I want you to clearly understand that it has not been pure negligence on my part. Gather me, angel-face?

"Isn't this gorgeous weather and these moonlight nights are perfectly adorable. Won't you shake on that, dearie? Mother, dear, please order me the dress that I was so perfectly insane for before I left home, tango shade, etc.—you remember, I suppose. I must have something to take the place of that pink charmeuse trimmed in seed pearls, chip diamonds and shadow lace. I gave that old plain dress to the maid this morning for polishing my shoes. I have worn it twice and I'm so tired of it. Anyway, I always looked like a petrified monkey in it.

"We are going to have a swell debate on Hamlet soon and wish you could hear it. Why sure Hamlet was crazy in the head. Don't you think?

"Mother, dear, you should see our new mode of hair-dressing, "French twist" I believe. Your hair is brought down over your ears and coiled loosely on the neck. It's the latest and perfectly swagger. Oh! how I do adore being in style. My book of Parisian styles has not come yet. The stupid people! Do they not know how anxious I always am to receive it? The nerve of some people!

"That detestable old roof bell is ringing so good-night, Mother dear.

"At leisure write your

Affectionate daughter,

"ELIZABETH SMYTHE."



SOPHOMORE CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class

COLORS: *Green and Gold*

FLOWER: *Yellow Chrysanthemum*

MOTTO: "*Perseverentia vincit omnia*"

### OFFICERS

ANNALEE KELLUM . . . . .	<i>President</i>
NELLE TURNER . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
BESSIE CHENAULT . . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MARGARET BAUGH . . . . .	<i>Prophet</i>
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
MARJORIE BOMAR . . . . .	<i>Poet</i>
ZELMA KING . . . . .	<i>Artist</i>

### MEMBERS

ELIZABETH M. ABERNATHY  
MARGARET BAUGH  
MARJORIE BOMAR  
MABEL BOULDIN  
BESSIE CHENAULT  
EURIE COVINGTON  
GERTRUDE DUNAVANT  
VENA DURHAM  
MARY GARNER  
ALMA GARRETT  
MARY GRISSIM

MARGARET GILLIAM  
CORINNE HARRIS  
LENICE HICKMAN  
IRENE HUNTER  
MARY INGRAM  
ANNALEE KELLUM  
ZELMA KING  
MYRTLE McCracken  
PEARL McCracken  
MATTYE NELSON

MARY WILL OLIVER  
LOIS PEARCE  
RUTH PORTER  
CLARISSA RAGSDALE  
BEATRICE ROBERTS  
ROSE SAWYER  
KATHLEEN TOMKINS  
NELLE TURNER  
ELLA WILLIAMS  
LIZZIE WILLIAMS  
ELIZABETH YANCEY



## Prophecy of the Sophomore Class

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27, 1921.—I caught a Pennsylvania avenue car this morning and sat down right by Alma Garrett. We talked over old times, and we were actually early enough to find a place where we had a good view of the inaugural parade. We nearly fainted when we saw Pearl commanding the Woman's Cavalry. I heard she got pretty wild when she went West, but I didn't know she was that bad.

When the suffragettes came marching along, there were Vena and Mary Will and the noted Miss Covington and Mrs. Ira Baxter (nee Anna Lee Kellum), who are the secretary and president of the Suffrage movement. Then the mayor and his wife came riding along in their car—and I had thought Nelle was an old "school marm!"

The President and Lizzie, rather Mrs. Young—were very gracious and charming, and Ella, who is a "Washington debutante," added grace to the scene.

On our way to the Capitol we were nearly run over by a taxi, and as it sped by we recognized "Kat" and Rose and Bessie and Mary Garner—all beautifully gowned—who have a select school for would-be society belles.

The 28th.—I went to the reception at the White House last night and saw several other schoolmates. We were entertained by "Mme." Irene Hunter, the noted "Russian" dansuese, "Mme." Lois Pearce (who is singing the title role in "Carmen" and who makes records exclusively for the Victor), and "Mme." Elizabeth Yancey, on the violin, accompanied by Mrs. "Doc. Cat" (Beatrice).

Margie still lives in Bell Buckle, but she is known now as Mrs. "Prof." Erwin. Mary Grissim has all the ways of an old maid—a cat followed her around, a parrot perched on her shoulder, and they had to make her a cup of coffee, for she was afraid she would faint and spoil her curls.

Mabel was there and told us that Gertrude wanted to come but she couldn't leave "Hubby." She (Mrs. Robert Shivers) showed plainly that she is the wife of a country "growser."

Bryant has "Mug" in the same business (cooking) Mr. Wynn found her in when he first saw her in her father's home.

Elizabeth Abernathy has made herself famous by writing "The History of Prospect." And Myrtle, who has stepped into Sarah Bernhart's shoes, has just returned from a continental tour, and was at the reception.

Ruth was there, too. She has been wearing mourning, poor girl, since June of 1917, when she was disappointed in love.

It seems that Corinne still gets those letters suggesting an elopement to "My Own Dear," for before she hardly arrived a special-delivery came to her.

Later—I went sight-seeing this afternoon and among the interesting places I visited were: The office of "Dr. Zelma King," a smallpox specialist, the parlor of "Dr. Lila Harwell," a beauty specialist, and the studio of Clarissa Ragsdale, the best-known artist in America, who has Mary Ingram, the famous beauty, pose for her.

It is so surprising that such a bunch of girls should turn out manless, that even such a fortune-teller as I couldn't foresee it.

MARGARET E. BAUGH.



FRESHMAN



FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class

COLORS: *Lavender and Purple*

MOTTO: *"We stand for the best"*

### OFFICERS

IDA WRAY BELL . . . . .	<i>President</i>
FANNIE MAUD ALLEN . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
HETTIE ELAM . . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
DORA HOLMES . . . . .	<i>Poet</i>
DIMPLE BUTLER . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>

### MEMBERS

FANNIE MAUD ALLEN  
IDA WRAY BELL  
GENEVA BOHANNAN  
MARGARET BUTTS  
RUTH BURROW  
DIMPLE BUTLER  
WILLIE COBBS  
MAE CONATSER  
SARAH CORBAN

LUCILE DAVIS  
CARRIE DURHAM  
HETTIE ELAM  
OZELLA EVANS  
EDDINE FIELDS  
FRANCES HAMPTON  
PATTI HARWELL  
KATHERINE HARRIS

DORA HOLMES  
SALLIE B. HOLT  
MILDRED KING  
WILLA MAY  
ELIZABETH MORAN  
PAULINE POWELL  
SARAH REED  
BONNIE SIMPSON  
GRACE TAYLOR



## History of Freshman Class

**O**N September seventeenth, nineteen hundred thirteen, twenty-five of the most promising-looking girls that ever assembled in the halls of Martin banded together to form the Freshman Class. Although we number not nearly so many as last year's class, yet we think we have a chance—for not quantity but quality counts. And here's to next year's Sophomore Class—the greatest in the history of Martin.

We all have a goal in view and no member of the class will be satisfied until she has reached that height which means so much to her future life. Of course our success is largely due to our patience in laboring through the trials and tribulations of Rhetoric and Latin. But no one intends to be a "quitter".

As this class is just beginning it has not much history, but you will hear from us each year.

DIMPLE BUTLER.

## Poem

So here we are a Freshman band,  
A happier class you ne'er did see,  
With the Bell to guide us through the land  
We have started each a Soph. to be.

Ah! Shall we stop and ponder  
When we reach our Junior year?  
No, we will never, never wander,  
And to us Martin will ever be dear.

When Seniors we will stop to say;  
With our girls so brilliant and gay,  
"We are striving day by day  
To reach the goal not far away."

DORA MAI HOLMES.

1914, SUB-FRES



MAN-COLLECTATE.



SUB-FRESHMAN AND SUB-COLLEGIATE CLASS

## Sub-Freshman Class

COLORS: *Green and White*

FLOWER: *White Carnation*

MOTTO: *"Ever Onward"*

### OFFICERS

WILLA MAE COLLINS	President
LILLIAN POWELL	Secretary
MAGGIE E. LEE	Treasurer
LELA MAE CAPPS	Historian
MATTIE CARTER	Poet

### MEMBERS

MARGARET ALEXANDER  
ANNIE BRALY  
IVA LEE BROWN  
WILLA MAE COLLINS  
LELA MAE CAPPS  
MATTIE CARTER  
LUCILE COTTON  
LOIS DUGGER

LIZZIE RUTH DUGGER  
MARY DUGGER  
ANNIE LOU GREEN  
LUCILE HAILEY  
REAVIS HARDY  
ALICE HUNERWADEL  
MAGGIE E. LEE

MAURINE MURRAY  
MARY NEWMAN  
FLORENCE PENNINGTON  
LILLIAN POWELL  
FRANKIE RANDOLPH  
SADYE SMITH  
SADIE STENBECK  
MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS

## Sub-Collegiate Class

COLORS: *Lavender and White*

FLOWER: *Sweet Pea*

MOTTO:

*"When you've work to do  
Do it with a will,  
They who reach the top,  
First must climb the hill."*

### OFFICERS

REBECCA PORTER	President
MARY PARSONS	Secretary
LOUISE KERSEY	Treasurer

### MEMBERS

LOUISE KERSEY  
ARZELINE MILLER

MARY PARSONS  
REBECCA PORTER

HALLIE M. REAVES  
KATHERINE WADE

## Sub-Freshman Poem

Vacation time is drawing near,  
And our hearts are full of cheer,  
Commencement day will soon be here,  
The happiest day of all the year.

Day by day we "Subs" grow brighter,  
Day by day our hearts grow lighter,  
Knowing that a Sub-Freshman's fate,  
Is to become a Senior great.

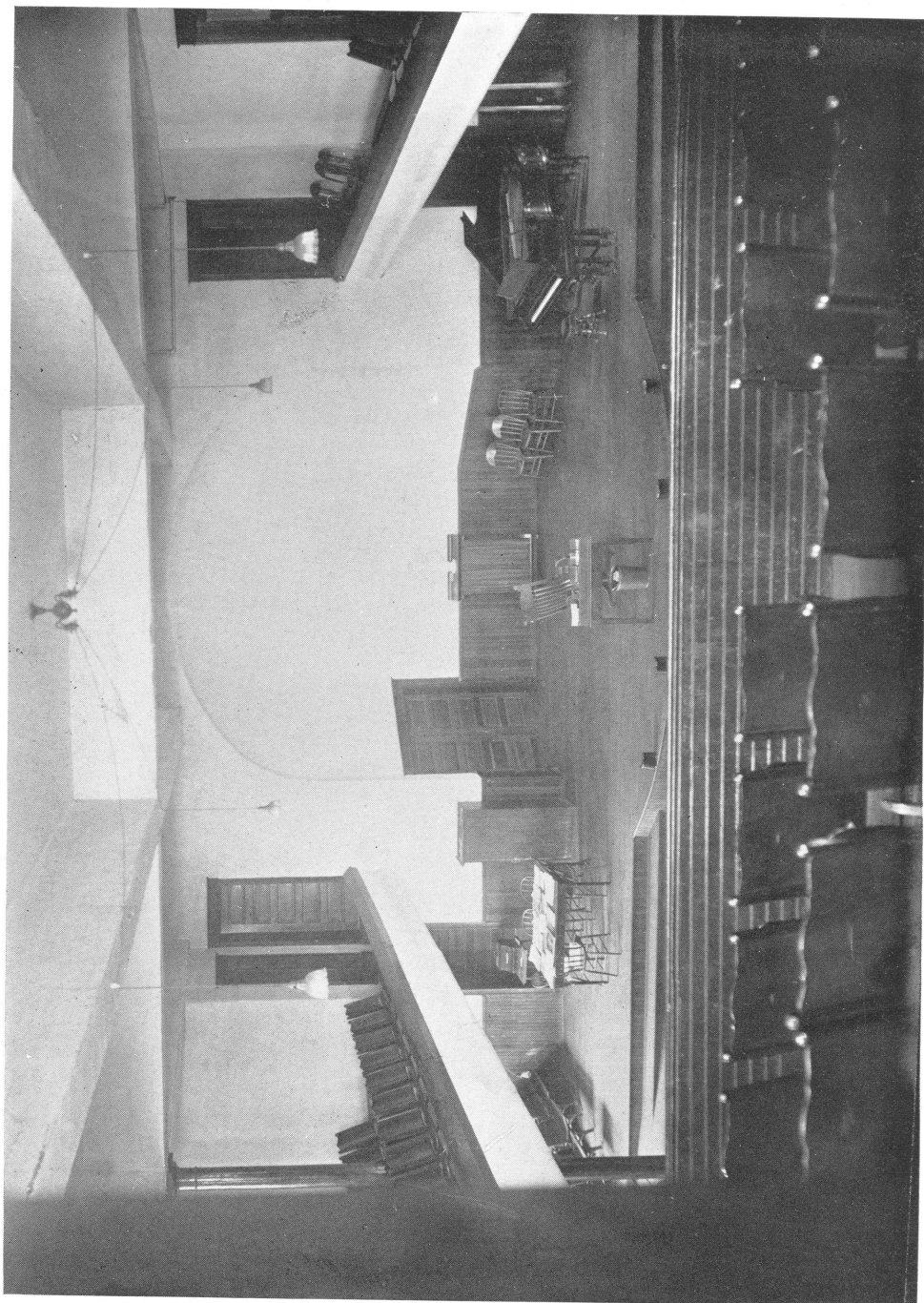
When Sub-Freshmen we cease to be,  
Then *green* Freshman called are we,  
And next to Junior's heights we'll soar,  
Next we'll be Seniors—little Subs no more.

But when we've finished the Senior course,  
And shouted and sung until we're hoarse,  
We'll give cheer after cheer for the time that we  
Started as Sub-Freshmen at M. F. C.

But vacation time will soon be here,  
And our hearts are full of cheer,  
All care must vanish as a tear.  
Remember, we Subs will be back next year.

MATTIE CARTER.





A CHAPEL VIEW



PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

## Primary Class

### MEMBERS

WILEY T. ABERNATHY, JR.

HELEN ADKINS

HOMER ADKINS

HILL ADKINS

HANSELL BAUGH

LOGAN BIRDSONG

ETHEL COHEN

CATHERINE CRAIG

DOWDEN CANNON

NILES CUNNINGHAM

MINNA CUNNINGHAM

JAMES CHAPMAN

KATHLEEN DOUD

SAMUEL ESHMAN

LUCILE GARRETT

MYLDRED GARNER

WM. HENRY GORDON

BESSIE GARDNER

ELIZABETH HAMPTON

ORLEAN HOLT

FRED INGRAM

GARY LEE

KNOX LEE

COLEMAN LEDBETTER

MARVIN MAY

FLORENCE MAY

ANITA MOCRE

WALLACE MOORE

KATIE MOCRE

JNO. BATEMAN MCCLURE

KATHRYN MALONE

SARAH PAULK

PATTI POWELL

MILTON POWELL

GUSTAVUS ROBERTS

MARY LAMDUTH RAGSDALE

MARY ELIZABETH RAYBURN

MARY BURTON RAYBURN

ELBERT RAYBURN

JEANNETTE SUTLIFF

WM. REED SCOTT

FLORA TODD

BLANCHE POLK WHITE

WM. T. WYNN, JR.

JOHN D. WAGSTER

## Ode to Juniors

Fast are our school days fading,  
Into the shadowy past;  
With all its memories laden,  
Our Senior Year is coming fast.

We stand and wait and wonder,  
As our school days are passing away,  
If we'll ever all be Seniors,  
And then be happy and gay.

Dream on, dear heart, and smile as you dream;  
Be merry as over the road you go;  
Things are not always as they seem,  
And may our lives be free from woe!

We've done the three year's work you see,  
We're Juniors! We're Juniors!  
We wear the badge of victory,  
We're Juniors! We're Juniors!

Here's to the royal Junior Class!  
Here's to the members, each and all!  
Here's to the 1915 Class!  
Here's to its lassies, big and small.

S ure we are the class that will make things hum,  
O r else we'll be caught in trying;  
P oring over facts that often seem bum,  
H ours we labor to keep from crying  
O n all those times when old tests come,  
M uch we learn, but there's lots in luck  
O h! our lessons we never shirk,  
R ain or shine its work, work, work.  
E nglish is our hardest study (Miss Holmes) teacher,  
C oming every day.  
L a! the quotations we have to learn,  
A re sure to turn us gray.  
S o here we leave you with this information,  
S urely you'll seek us in conversation.

MARJORIE BOMAR (Poet).



MUSIC

Stonhise  
1914





PROF. GRASSE'S MUSIC CLASS

## Prof. Grasse's Class

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY

MARTHA BIRDSONG

MAGGIE MAUD COX

CARRIE DURHAM

VENA DURHAM

MARY GARNER

MARY CLARKE JONES

BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY

EALON MATHIS

PEARL MCCrackEN

ELIZABETH MORAN

ESTHER MULLINS

MARY NEWMAN

HATTIE NICHOLS

MARY WILL OLIVER

SARAH REED

MAGGIE GRAY

HATTIE B. HENLEY

BESSIE HOLT

ANNE HOOPER

EDITH HOOPER

LYNETTE JONES

MILDRED ROBERTS

WILLIE MAY SEAY

ADELAIDE SEVIER

SAMMIE SMITH

LELA WILKES



MRS. HARWELL'S MUSIC CLASS

## Miss Baugh's Class

### PIANO PUPILS

ZOE COX

REAVIS HARDY  
BLANCHE POLK

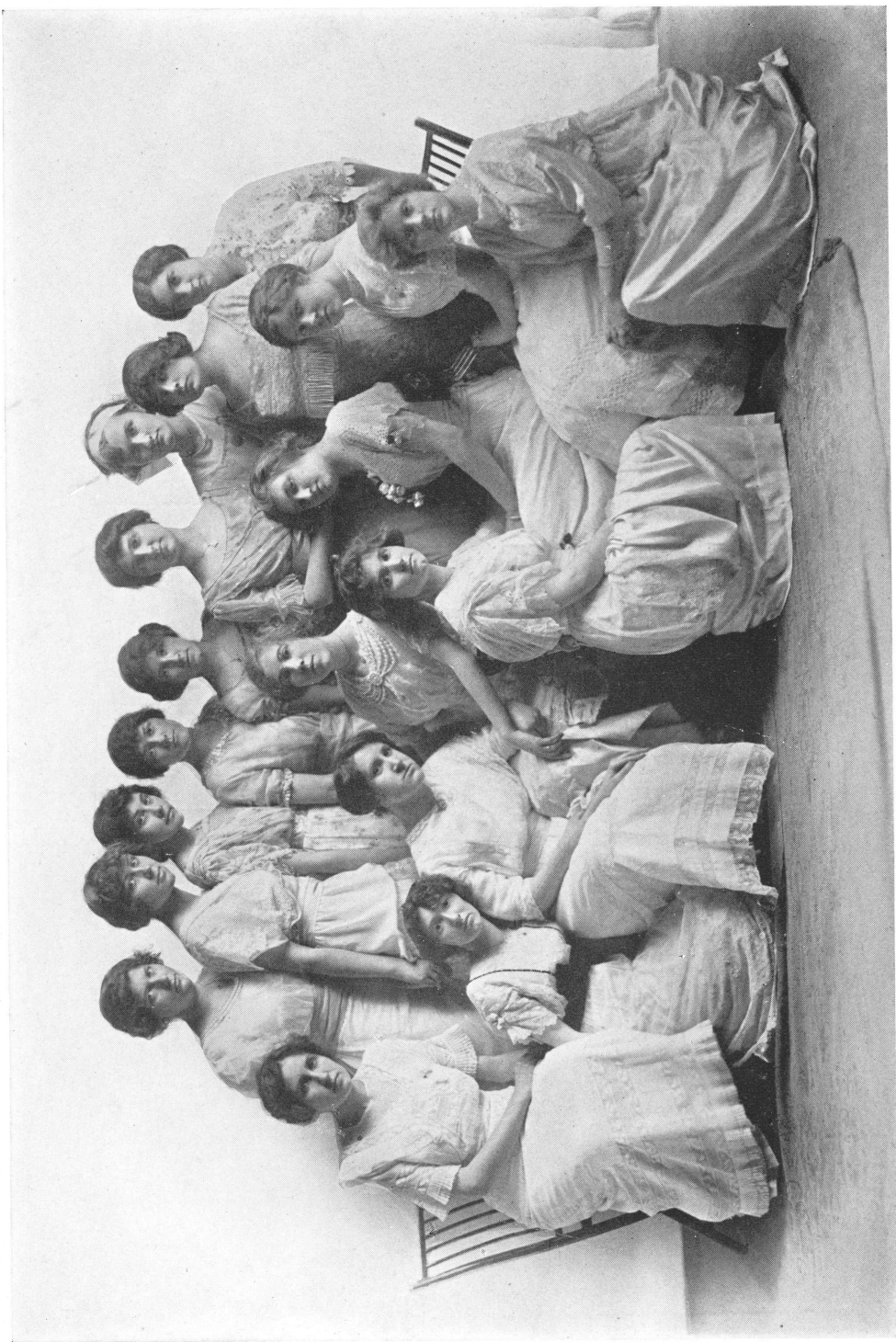
PATTIE POWELL

### VIOLIN PUPILS

MARJORIE BOMAR  
EMMIE CARNES  
EDWARD CRAIG  
JOE ELLEDGE

JANIE PORTER  
REBECCA PORTER  
PAULINE POWELL  
MRS. SMITH

GRACE TAYLOR  
HELEN TUCKER  
HUGH WALLACE  
ELIZABETH YANCEY



SCHUBERT CLUB



## Schubert Club

### VOICE CLASS

GENEVA BOHANNAN  
WILLA MAE COLLINS  
MAGGIE MAUD COX  
MAGGIE GRAY  
LUCILE HERIGES  
NELLE HOLT

SALLIE B. HOLT  
LUCILE HUNTER  
LYNETTE JONES  
EALON MATHIS  
CLEVIE McCARTY

ANNA BELLE McMILLION  
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY  
LOIS PEARCE  
ESTELLE SMITH  
SADIE STENBECK  
MISS WILKES

### CHORUS CLASS

CHITA BEASLEY  
IDA WRAY BELL  
GENEVA BOHANNAN  
WILLA MAE COLLINS  
MAGGIE MAUD COX  
ELISE DOSS  
MAGGIE GRAY  
LUCILE HERIGES

NELLE HOLT  
SALLIE B. HOLT  
LUCILE HUNTER  
LYNETTE JONES  
EALON MATHIS  
CLEVIE McCARTY  
ANNA BELLE McMILLION  
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY

ESTHER MULLINS  
MARY NEWMAN  
LOIS PEARCE  
SARAH REED  
ESTELLE SMITH  
SADIE STENBECK  
KATHERINE STONE  
MISS WILKES

### FIRST QUARTETTE

WILLA MAE COLLINS

LUCILE HUNTER  
CLEVIE McCARTY

MISS WILKES

### SECOND QUARTETTE

MAGGIE MAUD COX

MAGGIE GRAY  
ESTELLE SMITH

LIZZIE WILSON



QUARTETTE



EXPRESSION



EXPRESSION CLUB

# Dramatic Club

(EXPRESSION CLUB)

MOTTO: "*Toujours Pret*"

## OFFICERS

LUCILE HUNTER . . . . . *President*  
KATHERINE STONE . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

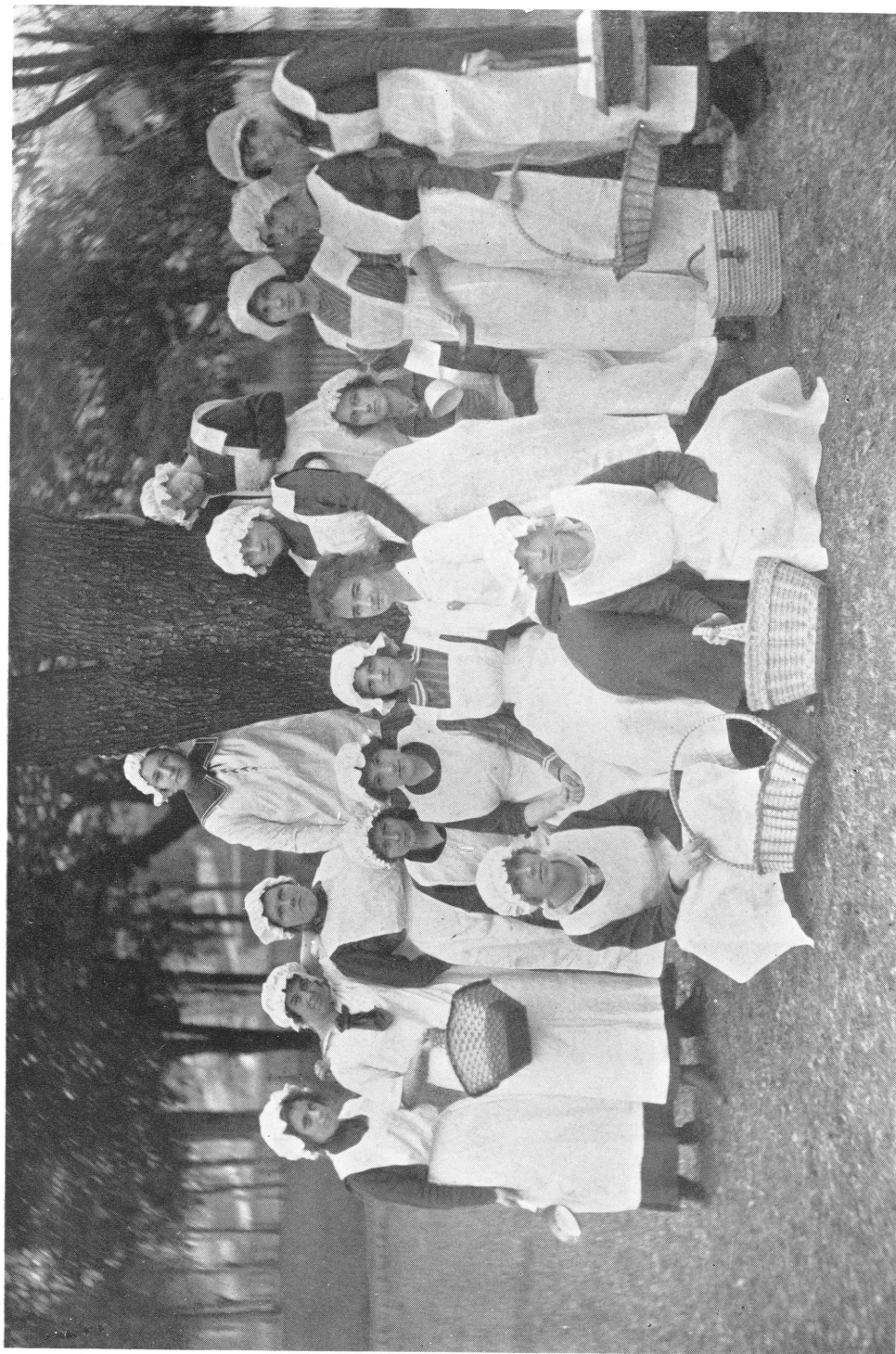
## MEMBERS

ANNE ABERNATHY  
MRS. ROBIN ABERNATHY  
MYRTLE ALLEN  
CHITA BEASLEY  
LOUISE BUTLER  
MARJORIE BOMAR  
LELA MAE CAPPS  
MATTIE CARTER  
ZOE COX

ELEANOR FRAZIER  
LUCILE HUNTER  
FRANCES HAMPTON  
ELIZABETH HAMPTON  
EDITH HOOPER  
WILMA ISOM  
MYRTLE MCCrackEN  
BIRDIE MILLER  
MABEL PENTECOST  
RUTH PORTER

PATTIE PCWELL  
MARY LAMBUTH RAGSDALE  
LUCILE STUART  
JEANNETTE SUTLIFF  
KATHERINE STONE  
LESSIE GRAY TACKER  
LIZZIE WILSON  
SALLIE WILL WILSON  
MISS LELA WILKES





DOMESTIC SCIENCE

## Domestic Science Class

### OFFICERS

ESTHER NICHOLS	. . . . .	<i>President</i>
ESTELLE SMITH	. . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
LUCILE TURNER	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

GENEVA BOHANNAN  
MABEL BOULDIN  
IVA LEE BROWN  
BONNA BRUCE  
RUTH BURROW  
MARGARET BUTTS  
MAE CONATSER

EURIE COVINGTON  
FRANCES HAMPTON  
BIRDIE MILLER  
ESTHER NICHOLS  
BLANCHE POLK  
MILDRED RALSTON

HALLIE REAVES  
ROSE SAWYER  
ISABELLA SEBREE  
BONNIE SIMPSON  
ESTELLE SMITH  
FLORA TODD  
LUCILE TURNER

## Commercial Club

MRS. CORNELIA C. CANNON . . . . . *President*

MOTTO: "Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread"

COLOR: *Brown and White*

### MEMBERS

MYRTLE ALLEN  
GENEVA BOHANNAN  
ORLEAN COBBS  
ZOE COX

SALLIE B. HOLT  
IRENE HUNTER  
WILLA MAY

LUCY MAYS  
RUTH PORTER  
RUBY RANDOLPH  
LUCILE TURNER

## Art Roll

SARAH CORBAN  
ELIZABETH HAMPTON

ZELMA KING  
MARY MARCH

CLARISSA RAGSDALE  
MARGARET RAGSDALE

## The Little Brock Girl's Romance

ELINOR Brock lay sleeping, but the beautiful dream she was having could not last long. Her face was radiant as she smiled and murmured; each golden tress looked like a ray of the glad sunshine that streamed in her tiny window. The door was softly opened and Mrs. Brock glided gently to her daughter's side. "Elinor, dear, you must get up now and help mother, before school time. I must get the housework done, so I can finish Miss Durham's dress to-day." "All right, Mother—I guess Miss Durham will wear it—to the dinner party—I dreamed—I were there—with J.—" She was almost asleep again but several generous shakings brought her back to reality and in a short time she was at breakfast with her mother. After helping her mother for two hours Elinor hurried off to school.

We must not get the idea that Elinor is perfect. She's pretty, she's attractive, she's smart, and considered among her classmates as one in ten thousand; but she's just a plain little schoolgirl after all, and she has her faults. This, her last year at school, seemed rather sad. She had only a country school education and Elinor desired more. There was absolutely no way to obtain a college education, so she wouldn't worry—just live and be happy.

Beside the Brock cottage towered the "Durham Castle". Mr. Durham, the lord of the castle, was almost a father to Blake county. His daughter, Martha, employed Mrs. Brock to do her sewing. Jack Durham was known as the finest young man in the county,—and he was Elinor's childhood hero,—her ideal man. Miss Durham admired "the little Brock girl" and "the little Brock girl" admired "the Princess of the castle", but Elinor went to the castle only on errands, for she never felt comfortable there.

When Elinor came home from school, the beautiful dress was waiting to be taken to Miss Durham. The most eventful of Elinor's castle errands occurred here on the ninth of December. As she reached the road Jack Durham slowed up and took Elinor and her big bundle into his great red car. "Your mother is a trump. My big sister couldn't possibly exist without her. What sort of creation has she this time?" "It's a beautiful pink gown. I think this must be the limit of mothers' ability. Sewing seems easy, but my goodness! I think I'd faint if I were commanded to sew one stitch. Going to school is my fort."

"This is your last year at school, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is—but I'm awfully sorry. I wish I were going away next year."

"Wish that more than anything else?" interposed Jack.

"Oh, you can't know how very much I do wish it."

But Elinor's joy was over. There loomed before her the great white castle. When Miss Durham had finished exclaiming over the dashing loveliness of the frock, Elinor returned to the little cottage to plan and dream. After supper car after car sped by the little cottage. The dinner party was arriving at the great white castle.

### CHAPTER II.

Christmas morning a note from the city to Elinor read thus: "Santa Claus demands Miss Elinor Brock to attend the college she desires for the next four years. Every expense will be paid. Devotedly,

"Santa Claus."

Elinor's happiness was supreme, but poor Mrs. Brock dreaded giving up her dear Elinor for four long years. However, plans were begun for the future. Elinor re-

ceived the district school diploma but what did that count? She was going to *her college*. Every month money came—from nowhere it seemed—just through the mail as Santa had promised.

The day came for Elinor to leave, Mrs. Brock couldn't help looking sad. She would have the new teacher board with her, but there wasn't another girl in the world like Elinor.

She was homesick sometime, but her work kept her mind diverted. Little by little Elinor became the leader in the Freshman class. At the close of her first year she received instructions from Santa to take her mother and spend her vacation at Webber Springs. Both Mrs. Brock and Elinor needed rest and Santa was obeyed. Our heroine proved a great social success and Mrs. Brock, a delightful chaperon for the functions at the country springs. Thus each vacation during the four years was spent. Needless to say Mrs. Brock and Elinor often wondered whence the money came. But the most delicate pride couldn't be hurt in the manner Santa had chosen.

At the reception of the seniors given by the faculty, Elinor was lovely. When one is happy one is beautiful—Elinor was both, with those beautiful brown eyes and her tall slender figure she quite captivated all to whom she talked. At last her eyes traveled across the great reception hall and there at the extreme end of it stood her childhood hero. How could she ever have forgotten Jack Durham for the shortest space of time? She had only a few minutes to reflect, for directly she was being introduced to Jack Durham.

"Heavens! what a beauty," thought Jack. He didn't have time to express his pleasure at meeting Miss Brock—for she was speaking:

"I thought I recognized you, Mr. Durham, a little bit ago, but you don't seem to remember 'the little Brock girl'."

Jack's look had frightened Elinor's other admirers away, thus they were left alone.

"Oh Elinor, is it really you?" gasped Jack. "I knew I loved you when you were 'the little Brock girl,' but now Elinor, my own, I adore you."

"Jack you must not, no, no, everybody is staring at us."

Not for long could people stare for Jack had led her out into the moonlight from the curious crowd.

"Elinor please say that you love me."

"I do."

"Do what?"

"Love you," murmured Elinor.

Love rules the world—Jack's world was perfect. Elinor's dreams of sweet sixteen were not all in vain.

"Elinor, I can't see why I haven't seen you before—Why I didn't come."

"I can't either," murmured Elinor; "Jack you are Santa Claus, aren't you?"

"Why?"

"Oh, well, no other man in the world could have done what you did, Jack dear, in the way you did."

"Well, I confess I am Santa, but I want you for my own now, Elinor, not a make believe."

"Jack, tell me this—"

"Are you my own?"

"Of course, Jack, but how did you ever plan it all out?"

"By myself."

GLADYS VOORHIES.



PHILOSOPHIAN SOCIETY



# Philosophian Literary Society

MOTTO: "Quality, not Quantity"

COLORS: Green and White

FLOWER: Carnation

## OFFICERS

### PRESIDENT

First Term . . . . . SARAH SMITH  
Second Term . . . . . SARAH SMITH

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Second Term . . . . . LIZZIE WILSON

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### PIANIST

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              { EALON MATHIS  
Second Term { ZELMA KING  
              { WILMA GARRETT

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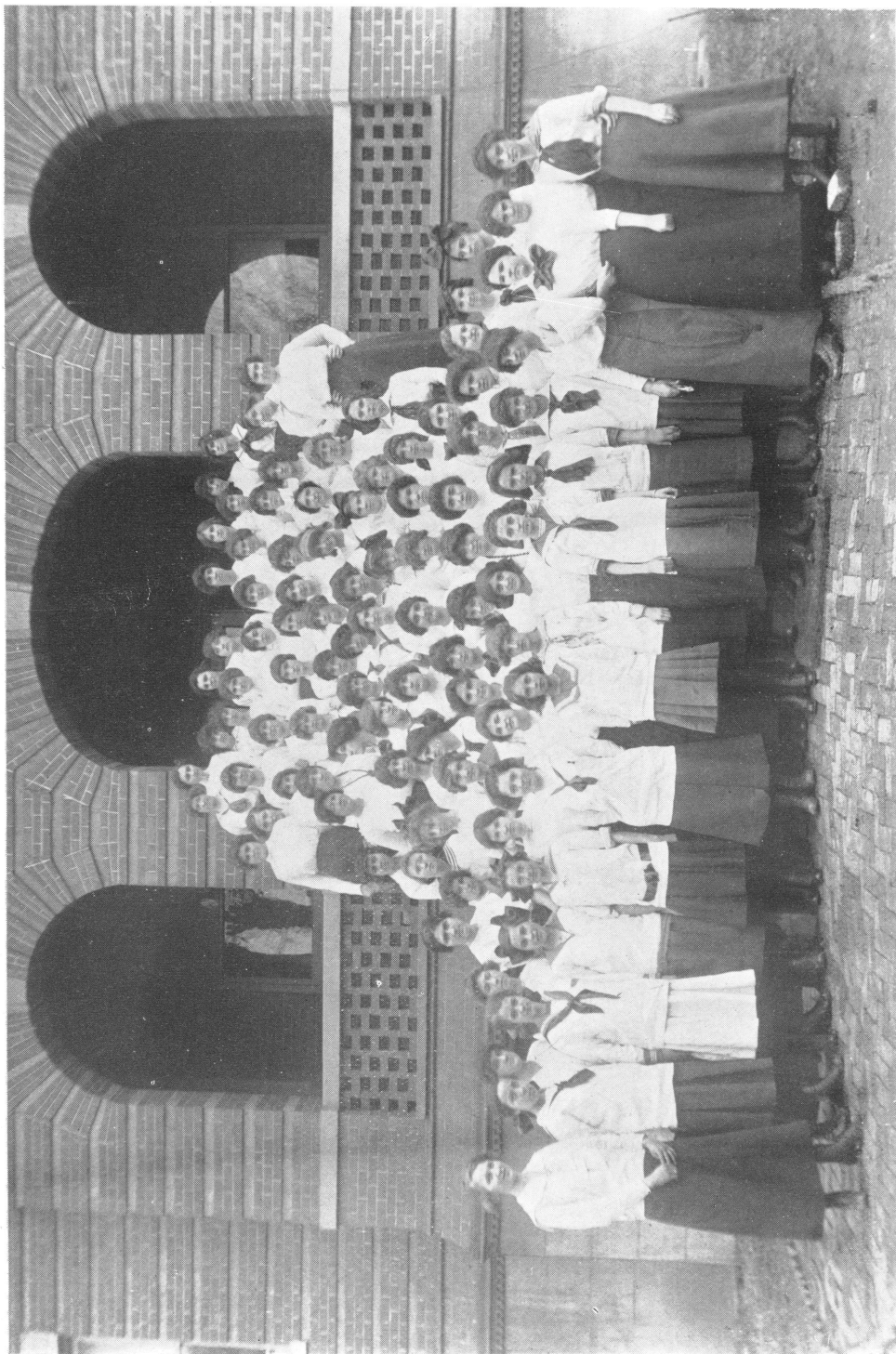
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              { ANNE ABERNATHY  
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Second Term { ANNALEE KELLUM  
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              { LILLIAN JOHNSON

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MARY DUGGER  
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MARGARET RAGSDALE  
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SADIE STENBECK  
SADYE SMITH  
SAMMIE SMITH  
SARAH SMITH  
HELEN TUCKER  
LIZZIE WILSON  
LIZZIE WILLIAMS  
ELLA WILLIAMS



PHI KAPPA SOCIETY

# Phi Kappa Society

MOTTO: "Strive to Surpass"

COLORS: *White and Gold*

FLOWER: *Daisy*

## OFFICERS

### PRESIDENT

First Term . . . . . ELISE DOSS  
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### TREASURER

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Second Term . . . . . KATHERINE STONE

### PIANIST

First Term . . . . . ADELAIDE SEVIER  
Second Term . . . . . LOUISE HARVILL

### CRITIC

First Term . . . . . ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY  
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### CHAPLAIN

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WILMA ISOM  
PATTI HARWELL  
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LUCILE DAVIS  
ESTELLE SMITH  
EURIE COVINGTON  
MABEL PENTECOST  
ELIZABETH ARROWSMITH

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OZELLA EVANS	WILMA ISOM	RUTH PORTER	

## What Would Happen—

- If Miss Joyner wore her dresses below her shoe tops?
- If Miss Bouldin would answer when called Myrtle?
- If rats didn't bother the four girls over Miss Mason's room?
- If the Chemistry class didn't break so many "chemistries"?
- If the girls stopped talking during "our miniature church"?
- If Clevie lost another purse at the Methodist Church?
- If the Seniors ever agreed on anything?
- If four girls should hold the buss again?
- If Mabel Pentecost ever looked at Livy before class?
- If Sarah Reed stopped asking questions?
- If Lucile Hunter got a certificate in English History?
- If the day pupils should ever run to another fire at noon?
- If Hattie Henley looked over her glasses?
- If Mr. Wynn didn't say, "Girls, do I make myself perfectly clear?"
- If Miss Shook were to stop making suggestions?
- If anybody dared to play rag-time music at Martin?
- If Miss Mason's classroom was not a pack room?
- If Willa May ever lost another letter written to "Dear Willis"?
- If "Titter" should lose her interest in the furniture store?

SARAH SMITH, '14.

## A Page From a Freshman's History Note-Book

**I**N July 1678, Washington was anticipated commander-in-chief of the War of the Roses. He had an awful hard time getting up men, ammunishum and knapsacks. Everybody thought he was a coward. At last Washington repeated to the English King for arsenals and he pawned his watch to excavate steam-boats and navies. They crossed the Deliwear River on Hallowe'en night. They set sail in very ferocious weather and had to relish many difficulties. The pilot became frightened and beseeched Washington to return back home. They expected to find the jumping off place where they would be detected by whales. But Washington was a man of inflexible animosity. He was not only extengushed but commanded his cavalry to sail on. The enfranchised men grew petrified and threatened to cremate Washington overboard into Gulf of Mexico. That sarcastic personage would not allow himself to be translated by the threats of his companions who were thawing one by one, but stood up in thier little boat, the Pinto, and exclaimed with much vicissitudes "To be or not to be that is the question". On July 4, 1775, they finally disembarked on the coast of Hessian and evaporated the Trentons, who were reviving Christmas frolics. To extinguish the remembrance of Washington they celebrated the famous "Boston Tea Party".

SARAH SMITH, '14.



Y. W. C. A CABINET





Y. W. C. A.

# Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

COLORS: *Green and White*

FLOWER: *Carnation*

## OFFICERS

SARAH SMITH . . . . .	<i>President</i>
BIRDIE E. MILLER . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
LIZZIE WILSON . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
BESSIE SISK . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>

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BESSIE SISK . . . . .	<i>Finance Committee</i>
LIZZIE WILSON . . . . .	<i>Intercollegiate Committee</i>
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY . . . . .	<i>Social Committee</i>
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LUCILE TURNER . . . . .	<i>Religious Committee</i>
LUCILE HERIGES . . . . .	<i>Missionary Committee</i>
MYRTLE McCracken . . . . .	<i>Room Committee</i>
MRS. C. C. CANNON . . . . .	<i>Advisory Committee</i>

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MISS MYRTLE BOULDIN	PATTI HARWELL	MILDRED RALSTON
IVA LEE BROWN	ALICE HUNERWADEL	RUBY RANDOLPH
BESSIE BRUCE	WILMA ISOM	SARAH REED
EMMIE CARNES	LYNETTE JONES	SINA RUSSELL
BESSIE CHENAULT	LILLIAN JOHNSON	ADELAIDE SEVIER
EURIE COVINGTON	MARY CLARKE JONES	BESSIE SISK
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ZOE COX	ANNALEE KELLUM	SADYE SMITH
SARAH CORBAN	ZELMA KING	ESTELLE SMITH
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LUCILE DAVIS	MYRTLE McCracken	SADIE STENBECK
ELISE DOSS	PEARL McCracken	GRACE TAYLOR
GERTRUDE DUNNAVANT	BIRDIE MILLER	FLORA TODD
OZELLA EVANS	ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY	LUCILE TURNER
EDDINE FIELDS	ESTHER MULLINS	HELEN TUCKER
WILMA GARRETT	HATTIE NICHOLS	GLADYS VOORHIES
MARGARET GILLIAM	ESTHER NICHOLS	MARGARET WALLACE
MARY GARNER	MARY PARSONS	LIZZIE WILSON
MAGGIE GRAY		MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS





CLUBS





SENIOR HOME CLUB



# Martin College Greenhouse

(SENIOR HOME CLUB)

OBJECT: *"To furnish flowers for decorations on special occasions"*

[illegible]

# CATALOG OF PLANTS

1. *Beasley Baby Rambler Rose*.—A very hardy plant and a fine bloomer. Is found in many localities.
2. *Doss Mammoth Tulip*.—A high grade plant blooming profusely on all occasions. Better suited for out-door blooming.
3. *Maggie Crimson Carnation*.—A heavy bloomer during the summer. For winter blooming pinch the plant back from time to time and bring into greenhouse in early fall.
4. *Henley Easter Lily*.—Valuable for house or garden culture. Do not remove from green house until May 27th.
5. *Heriges Sweet Peas*.—A hardy variety. Once planted it will last forever. We offer the very finest specimens.
6. *McCarty Maiden Hair Fern*.—An exquisite graceful fern, growing readily in vicinity of Banks. Necessary to every bouquet.
7. *Miller Pink Rambler Rose*.—A wonderful plant which shows its sensitiveness to vibrations by seeking musical localities.
5. *Pentecost Double Geranium*.—Should be supplied with abundance of nourishment and moisture. Give plenty of room for firm foundation when transplanting.
9. *Esther Violet*.—Especially adapted to Florida. A perpetual bloomer and very fragrant.
10. *Wilkes Hardy Chrysanthemum*.—Produces enormous, massive flowers of beautiful shape and color. To be transplanted in September or June.



## T. O. T. L. Club

ELIZABETH ARROWSMITH  
LUCILE HUNTER

LILLIAN JOHNSON  
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY  
SARAH SMITH

KATHERINE STONE  
GLADYS VOORHIES



## Kodak Club

### OFFICERS

EDITH HOOPER	President
CLEVIE McCARTY	Vice-President
MAGGIE GRAY	Secretary and Treasurer

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CHITA BEASLEY  
 MRS. C. C. CANNON  
 MATTIE CARTER  
 ELISE DOSS  
 EDDINE FIELDS

MAGGIE GRAY  
 LOUISE HARVILL  
 EDITH HOOPER  
 IRENE HUNTER  
 CLEVIE McCARTY

MISS MASON  
 MARY NEWMAN  
 MABEL PENTECOST  
 SINA RUSSELL  
 KATHERINE WADE



## Skater's Roll

ANNE ABERNATHY  
FRANCES HAMPTON

LILLIAN POWELL

CLARISSA RAGSDALE  
SAMMIE SMITH



## Ten Cans

MOTTO: *"Eat all you can, can all you can't"*

COLORS: *Strawberry Pink and Tomato Red*

PLACE OF MEETING: *"Where the most cans are stored"*

TIME: *"Any time we can"*

WATCHWORD: *"Don't rattle the cans"*

"OWL" WILSON	Oldest Can
"COTTON TOP" BOMAR	Freshest Can
"WELSH RAREBIT" SEVIER	Tallest Can
"TOAD" RUSSELL	Lowest Can
"PIG" HOOPER	Fattest Can
"UNC" NICHOLS	Slimmest Can
"MAY" GRISSIM	Best Can
"TUMP" JONES	Worst Can
"SNOOKIE" HUNTER	Loudest Can
"HUNGRY" HARVILL	Emptiest Can





## Minister's Daughters' Club

FLOWER: *Jack in the Pulpit*

MOTTO: "*Keep up your Rep*"

### YELL

Who does the meanness?

Who has the fun?

M. D. C.'s

That's the rep we've won.

EURIE COVINGTON	. . . . .	<i>Saint</i>
HATTIE NICHOLS	. . . . .	<i>Sinner</i>
BIRDIE MILLER	. . . . .	<i>Scribe</i>
HATTIE HENLEY	. . . . .	<i>Pharisee</i>

### MEMBERS

MISS MYRTLE BOULDIN  
MABEL BOULDIN  
BESSIE CHENAULT  
LUCILE COTTON  
EURIE COVINGTON  
MARGARET GILLIAM  
LUCILE HERIGES

DORA HOLMES  
MRS. HARWELL  
HATTIE B. HENLEY  
WILMA ISOM  
ANNALEE KELLUM  
BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY  
ANNIE RUTH LEE

LUCY MAYES  
BIRDIE MILLER  
HATTIE NICHOLS  
ESTHER NICHOLS  
FLORENCE PENNINGTON  
WILLA MAE SEAY  
MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS



## Sinful Six Roll

CHITA BEASLEY  
ELISE DOSS

MAGGIE GRAY  
WILMA ISOM

CLEVIE McCARTY  
ESTELLE SMITH



ATHLETICS



FIRST BASKET-BALL TEAM



## "The Big Giants"

COLORS: *Dark Blue and Red*

### YELL

Rip rah ree!  
Rip rah ree!  
Sophs. and Seniors,  
Yes, sir—ree.  
Who are we?  
Upon my soul,  
We're the ones,  
That make the goal!

### MEMBERS

CHITA BEASLEY . . . . .	Center
PEARL McCracken . . . . .	Substitute
MABEL PENTECOST . . . . .	Right Forward
BESSIE SISK . . . . .	Substitute
ROSE SAWYER . . . . .	Left Forward
MYRTLE McCracken . . . . .	Substitute
EURIE COVINGTON . . . . .	Right Guard
ESTHER SAWYER . . . . .	Left Guard
MAGGIE GRAY . . . . .	Substitute
HATTIE NICHOLS . . . . .	Captain



## “The Little Giants”

COLORS: *Purple and White*

### YELL

Little Giants, rah! rah!  
 Little Giants, rah! rah!  
 Whoo rah! Whoo rah!  
 Little Giants, rah! rah!

### MEMBERS

ESTHER NICHOLS (Captain)	Center
ELIZABETH MCRAN	Substitute
SADYE SMITH	Right Guard
LOUISE HARVILL	Substitute
EDITH HOOPER	Left Guard
OZELLA EVANS	Substitute
BONA GATLIN	Right Forward
EDDINE FIELDS	Substitute
MAE CONATSER	Left Forward
SINA RUSSELL	Substitute



TENNIS CLUB

## Tennis Club

MOTTO: *Ready! Serve!*

COLORS: *White and Gold*

### OFFICERS

MAGGIE GRAY . . . . .	<i>President</i>
ESTHER SAWYER . . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MABEL PENTECOST . . . . .	<i>Cutter</i>
PATTI HARWELL . . . . .	<i>Mascot</i>

### MEMBERS

CHITA BEASLEY  
WILLA MAE COLLINS  
ZOE COX  
ELISE DOSS

MAGGIE GRAY  
PATTI HARWELL  
ALICE HUNERWADEL  
CLEVIE McCARTY  
MARY NEWMAN

MABEL PENTECOST  
HALLIE REAVES  
SINA RUSSELL  
ESTHER SAWYER

## First Tennis Club

COLORS: *Purple and Gold*

MOTTO: *"Win your love"*

### OFFICERS

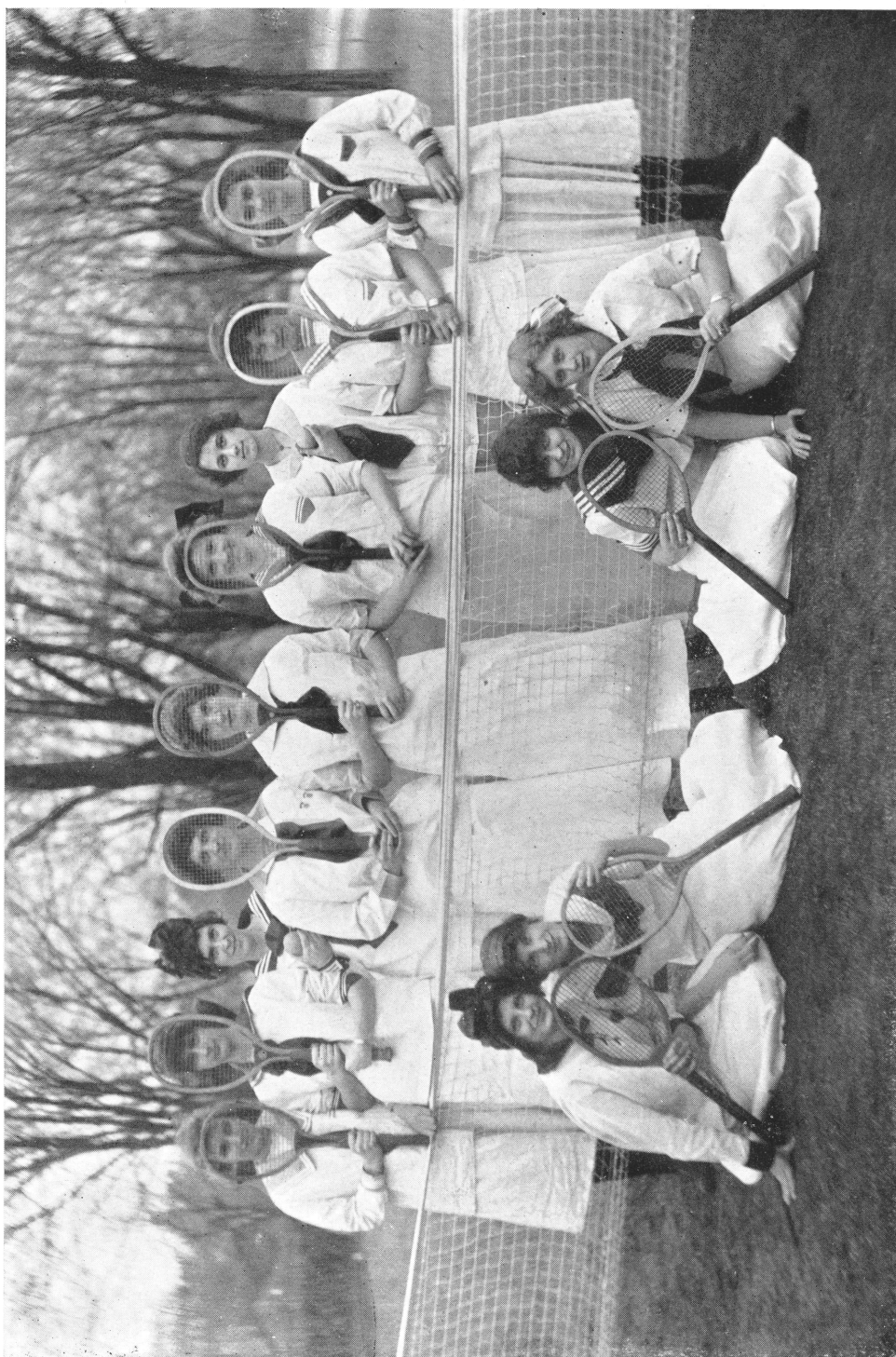
MARJORIE BOMAR . . . . .	<i>President</i>
EDITH HOOPER . . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY . . . . .	<i>Cutter</i>
HATTIE NICHOLS . . . . .	<i>Mascot</i>

### MEMBERS

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MABEL BOULDIN  
MARGARET BUTTS  
MATTIE CARTER  
EURIE COVINGTON

BONA GATLIN  
MARGARET GILLIAM  
MARY GRISSIM  
LOUISE HARVILL  
EDITH HOOPER  
IRENE HUNTER

BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY  
EALON MATHIS  
ESTHER MULLINS  
HATTIE NICHOLS  
KATHERINE WADE



TENNIS CLUB (1ST)





## Croquet Club

IDA WRAY BELL  
RUTH BURROW  
SARAH CORBAN  
LUCILE COTTON  
LUCILE DAVIS

HETTIE ELAM  
LUCILE HAILEY  
LUCILE HERIGES  
LUCY MAE  
SARAH REED

WILLA MAE SEAY  
BONNIE C. SIMPSON  
FLORA TODD  
KATHLEEN TOMKINS  
MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS

## The Dream

**I**T was a strange dream,—this dream I had one snowy February night, but as I ponder over it I seem to grasp the meaning that it was meant to convey.

The whole world seemed enveloped in a veil of darkness, when in the eastern horizon there appeared a dim light, which told of the approach of the great sun. In the west I saw what seemed to be a huge mountain, reaching from earth to heaven. This great black monster frightened me. I stood gazing and pondering until at last the red glow of the sun wrought it into plain view, and at its foot stood a girl of about nineteen, tall and slender, clad all in white. In her right hand she carried a small silver cross, in the left, a diploma. She stood there bathed in the warm rays of the sun, gazing at the mountain. She seemed to be trying to decide which of two roads, that lay before her, she would take.

One was a beautiful smooth road, it did not lead directly over the mountain, but curved around its base in a way which was beautiful to the eye. The other was not so pretty and smooth, but rugged and rocky. This road led directly up the mountain side.

As I stood gazing there came from all sides about her many people. Each person took one of the two roads. Some noticed her, some did not; and once in a while one stopped to speak to her. Again, some came back from the road that led over the mountain, and took the other. Each of these would tell her how rough and awful was the road ahead of her. Yet others would turn on the smooth road and these would explain its horrors, and beg her to take the road ahead. So there she stood, bewildered and afraid. She glanced down at her small white clad feet, then up the rugged road, but as if by a sudden inspiration she raised her right hand to her head and lovingly kissed the tiny silver cross. Then slowly but surely, she moved on to the road that led directly up the mountain.

For a long way she struggled bravely, sometimes stumbling, but each time starting more determined than before. But after a while she became tired and hungry, and the road only seemed to get rougher. Her tiny shoes were beginning to wear into great holes, and her feet were tired and aching, but she moved painfully onward. Nor was she alone on her journey, for some were in front of her, and others behind; then, there were some who either turned and started down the mountain or fell from exhaustion. Tho' with each step she became weaker, the road became more rugged, and was filled with steep cliffs; besides darkness only increased the horrors, bringing more torture to her cold and bleeding feet. She stumbled and fell again and again, but her cries brought no aid to her suffering.

At last she could see in the far distance a tiny light, but how was she ever to reach it? Nevertheless, after hours of wearisome struggle, at last she came to the place, when only to be disappointed in finding that this was not the top of the mountain. It was a brilliantly lighted building, inhabited by many gaily dressed girls. They begged her to stop, explaining the tortures of the road ahead, but she turned tired and hungry and resumed her course up the mountain side.

For awhile the road seemed worse than ever, and it was with difficulty that she kept from falling. Suddenly a dim light appeared in the east, and the girl cried out in joy,—she knew that she was getting near the top of the mountain. When as if by magic the great sun cast its glorious rays into each dark corner of the road, and behold! instead of finding the black monster mountain, the girl found her self on a rich plain.

Directly in front of her was a wonderful castle, across which was written in gold letters,—“Success, joy.” The torn dress and worn-out shoes were beautiful and white again. She raised the tiny cross to her lips and instead of silver it was gold. “At last,” she cried, “this is the wonderful place of which I’ve been told.” Then with a shout of joy she passed through its gates.

What could this strange dream have meant? Dear Senior, unless it was our old teaching that,

“The smooth road never leads to success,”

but,

“Welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth’s smoothness rough,  
That bids nor sit nor  
Stand  
But go.”

BESSIE BRUCE.



## The Rich Little Girl's Fairy

"O H-H-H-!" What a world of long pent-up wistfulness was expressed in that sigh. The Rich Little Girl laid aside her volume of fairy tales, and stretched herself wearily upon the divan. It was so lonely here with Mother and Father gone most of the time; and the Rich Little Girl had such strange, troubled thoughts which she could talk over with no one.

She sighed again. "Papa is like King Midas, but I don't care for gold; Mamma says she is a second Susan Anthony, and she never has time to kiss me or to play with me, and I'm the Ugly Duckling;" she mused sadly. "We don't fit at all. We're from different chapters."

Not that the Rich Little Girl meant to complain of her most perfect parents. Oh, no! But there were times when she wished that they would be a little less perfect—that Father would not spend so much of his time adding to his already fabulously great fortune. For the Rich Little Girl was human enough (wicked enough, she called it), to wish to have her parents pay a little attention to her.

She rose and walked slowly to the window, where she stood looking upon what seemed like Arcadia to her—the dear little brown cottage across the street. Soon the Ugly Duckling saw the three out in the tiny flower garden at the side of the little brown cottage. "What a pretty picture, as pretty as fairyland, I believe," sighed she, looking at the handsome man, his beautiful wife, and their charming little girl who were walking among the flowers, glorified now by the last rays of the setting sun.

"Oh, I wish," mused the Rich Little Girl, and then she stopped. She was so tired, so tired, it seemed that she was always tired. Nurse would soon bring in her tempting dinner, she knew, but she did not want a bite. Why couldn't she have cookies and lemonade out under the trees with little friends? The Other Little Girl did. Why couldn't her most perfect mother let her go to the parties of the Other Little Girl, who had often asked her. No answer to these puzzling questions came to her troubled brain, and sighing again, she lay down upon the divan with eyes closed.

"I believe I'll pretend." (Ah, how much of what little joy she had was of the make-believe kind!) "Yes, I'll pretend that a fairy is standing near me, and that she will grant my wishes."

She liked the idea very much and she courtesied to the imaginary fairy as best she could in her position. "Most gracious fairy," she began in a little dreamy voice that could hardly have been heard by any other than a fairy, "I want Father and Mother and me to fit. And I wish that Father and Mother might be a little less perfect, and that I might be like the Other Little Girl, and I wish—" perhaps the Fairy could still hear what she wished, surely no one else could.

Yes, the Fairy stood by her. Through all the visions the Rich Little Girl had of banks, gold mines, and King Midas; of dinners, conventions, and suffragettes; of a

beautiful nursery with its scores of books, few toys, no playmates, and the Ugly Duckling, through all these the Fairy stood near.

These visions at first distressed her, and yet the presence of the Fairy was so comforting. Finally she seemed to see Mother drive home from the club house and, meeting her husband in the hall of their home walk with him to the Ugly Duckling's room. All three then engaged in a cozy conversation, after which the little girl was tenderly put to bed.

"Why, I just know that's the way the Other Little Girl goes to bed. Oh, yes, that's Mother and Father and me! But we're changed! We fit! Will it last?"

A beautiful smile played upon the lips of the sleeping child. The Fairy must be telling her happy secrets. Ah, yes, she is telling the Rich Little Girl how this pleasant state of affairs may continue. The Fairy's name is Sympathy, and we may be sure that she is preaching her own virtue.

The Rich Little Girl woke happy in the confidence that, if she followed the directions of the Fairy Sympathy, all would be well. "I'll pretend that I'm Mother and Father, Father'll pretend that he's Mother and me, and Mother'll pretend that she's Father and me;" she chuckled softly.

At first Father and Mother were very much surprised at the unusual interest the Rich Little Girl showed in stocks and bonds, mines, books, and suffrage; but is wise a pleased surprise. And almost before they realized it, Father and Mother were playing the same game.

And again the Ugly Duckling, her face almost pretty now, sighed. But it was such a joyful little, "Oh, we're changed! We fit and the Fairy Sympathy did it."

LUCILE TURNER.





## The Chapel Clock

Who did murder dear old Father Time?  
He always smiled didn't even chime—  
Serenely hanging in the chapel hall,  
Silently directing us, one and all.

We all kill hours, but why murder Time?  
A Wynn blew and placed him there, to give a sign  
When to move with energy, and when to keep still—  
Surely you see he didn't come by will.

Mr. Time was smashed in the face with a broom,  
Hit and killed because he took some room  
Or probably a wayward chair through the air;  
Who in M. C. could be mixed in this grave affair?

If e'er the one who committed this sin,  
Can be found these four Martin walls within;  
Poor girl is doomed to find,  
No good graces in M. C. sublime.

Surely she lives around very near,  
And not in K. M.  
But wherever she lives either far or near,  
She surely should weep many a tear.  
(Thus quoth Mr. Wynn on a snowy morn.)

GLADYS VOORHIES.

## Yells

Rah, rah, rah,  
Rah, rah, rah,  
Rah, rah, rah,  
Rah, rah, rah,  
Rah, rah, rah,  
Martin!

Clicket, clacket,  
Hippet Hus,  
Clicket, clacket,  
Hippet Hus;  
Rah, rah, rah, rah, for Martin!  
WILLA MAE COLLINS.

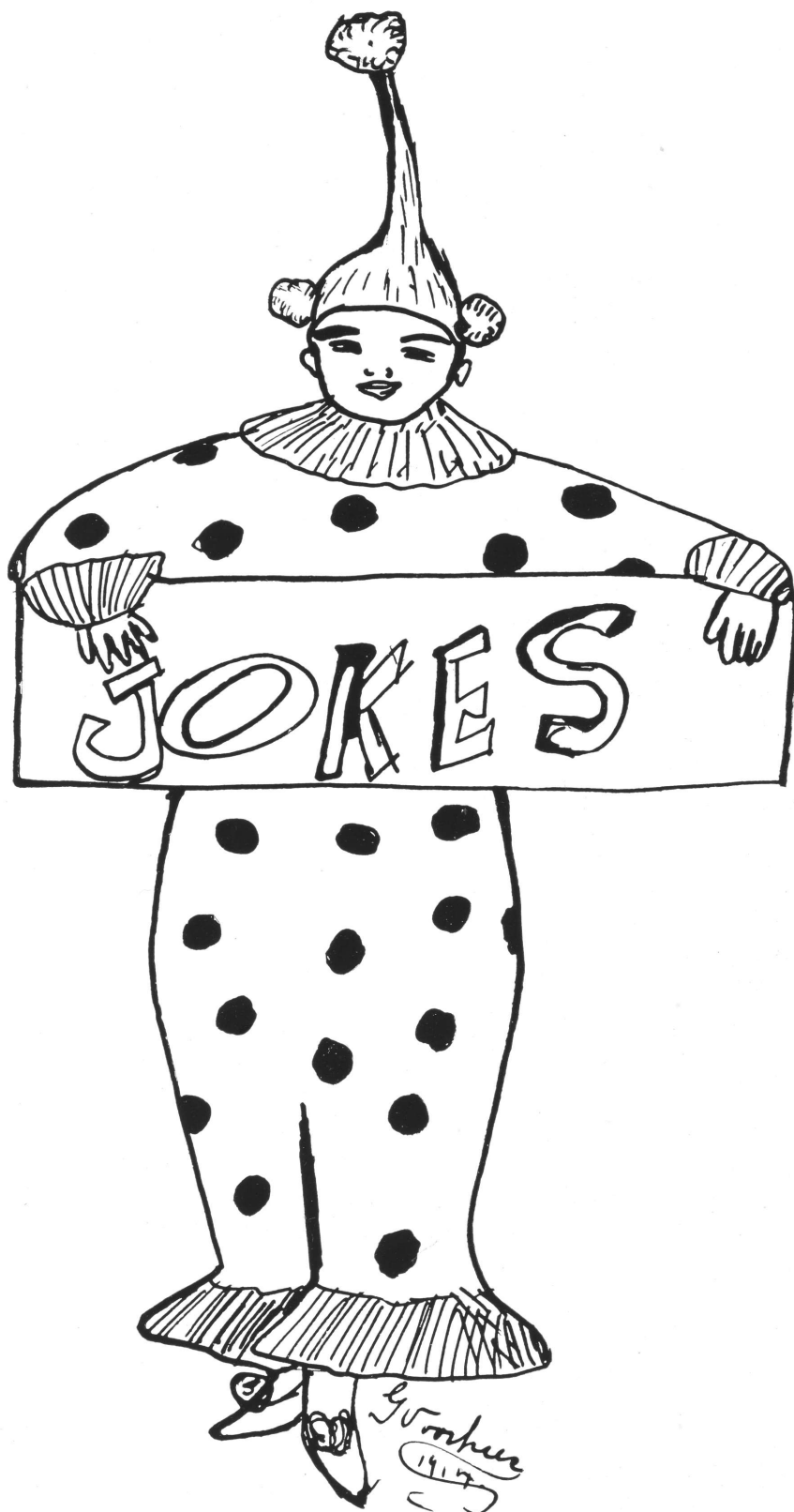
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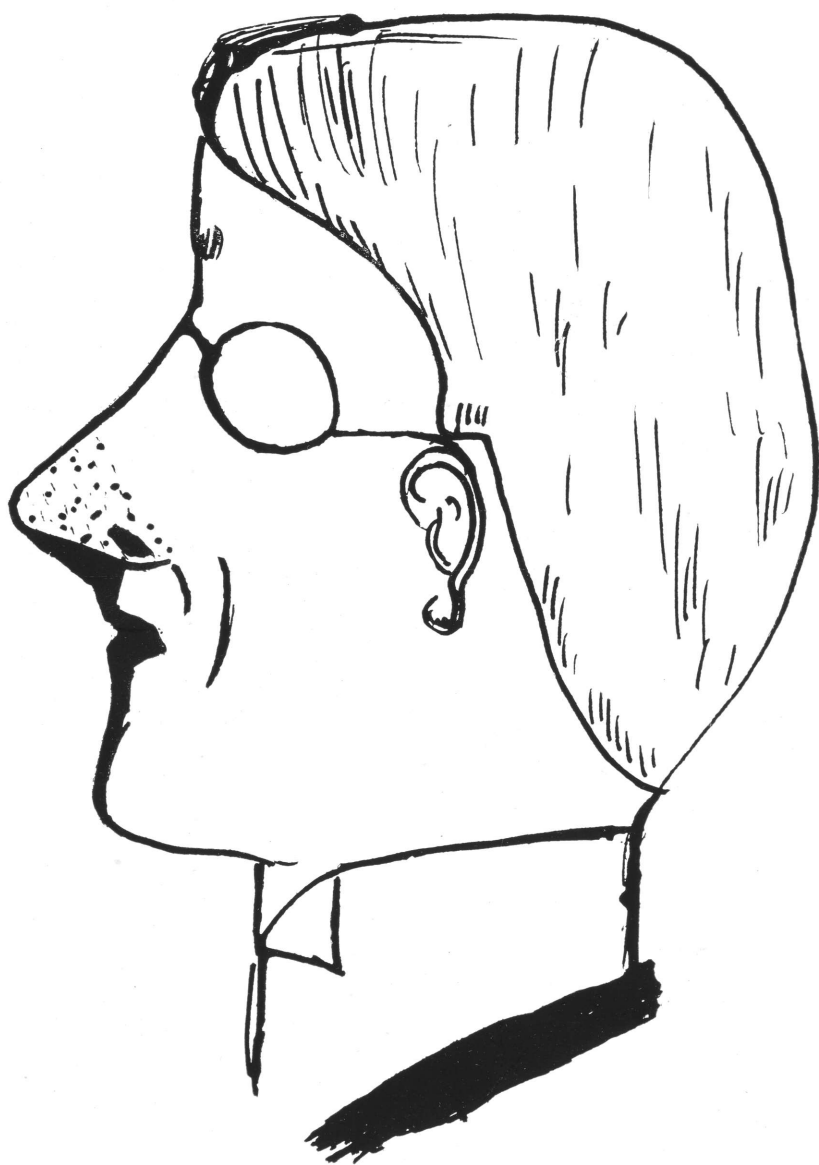
Cheers for the red and white, waving forever,  
Flag of the old M. C.  
May it droop never, we'll  
Sing a song for that flag to-day;  
Cheers for the girls at play,  
On to the goal we'll fight our way for old M. C.

\* \* \* \*

Chongo Loca, Chingo Loca,  
Ship to me Lulu;  
Martin College, Martin College,  
We're going to show you.  
Rop, ra, Rip, re, Kick-a-rick-a-ry,  
Martin's got a corner on the best beneath the sky.

Ricker, chicker, boom!  
Ricker, chicker, boom!  
Ricker, chicker, chicker, chicker,  
Boom, boom, boom!  
M. C., M. C. Best, best, best!  
Best of what?  
Best of every thing!





# Jokes

## CLASS STONES

FRESHMAN	Emerald
SOPHOMORE	Soapstone
JUNIOR	Grindstone
SENIOR	Tombstone

\* \* \* \* \*

WANTED: To know what aniversity means.—*Edith Hooper.*

MISS SHOOK (in class room): "I once saw a petrified cat.

SARAH REED: "Miss Shook, could it walk?"

ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY: Miss Shook, isn't Ethel Barrymore playing in  
'Tante'?"

LUCILE HUNTER: "She's Robert Browning's wife, isn't she?"

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE FRISKY THREE

Once upon a time there were some girls at Martin College,  
Who lost all of their knowledge;  
They went to Mr. Wynn crying,  
And said, they knew they had been trying.

Sallie Emma was called upon to explain,  
The others kept quiet in vain;  
Mr. Wynn asked, "What is your reason?"  
(SARAH JANE) "Why we've done nothing since we left home this season."

And day by day they wandered to that sacred place,  
Each one hiding her face;  
'Till this little trouble ended as others may,  
Very much in that crying way.

\* \* \* \* \*

LUCILE HAILEY: "I am crazy about twin brothers."

MATTIE CARTER: "Which one is the oldest?"

MR. WYNN (At Massey reception): "Alice, why are sitting alone?"

ALICE HUNERWADEL: "Oh! Jim is walking around to get rested. He'll be back  
soon."

MISS MASON (In geometry class): "Ozella, why are those arcs equal?"

OZELLA: "Because equal central angles *accept* equal arcs."



MISS BOULDIN (In spelling class): "Mary Ingram, make a sentence using the word career."

MARY: "The horse ran his career."

ELIZABETH TO LOIS: "Miss Mason said the chief reason girls study Geometry was for the reasoning in it, but it helps boys where they convey (survey)."

MISS MASON TO ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY: "What is the meaning of bric-a-brac?"

ELIZABETH: "It means tit for tat."

Lois Pearce and Bessie Chenault discussing two brothers to whom they talked at the Massey reception.

BESSIE: "The one I talked to was a blonde."

LOIS: "I don't know what color the one I talked to was."

MISS MASON (in Arithmetic): "Well, Beatrice, what's the matter with your problem?"

BEATRICE R.: "I could work it if I knew how many sheep there are in a head."

MISS SHOOK (In English class): "Arzeline, what is the plural of sheep?"

ARZELINE M. (innocently): "Goats."

MISS HOLMES (In English Literature): "Who was the leader of the Normans in the Norman Conquest?"

A SOPHOMORE: "Wasn't it Chaucer?"

PRESIDENT (in Phi Kappa Society): "All answer roll call with a quotation from Shakespeare."

FLORA TODD: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

MISS SHOOK (to Lucile Hunter): "Give me the definition of crater."

LUCILE: "Crater is one who crates."

MATTIE CARTER: "Dr. Butler, how is Sadie Smith to-day?"

DR. BUTLER: "Oh! she is convalescing."

MATTIE C.: "I knew it! I knew she would die when she took sick."

"Cat" Stone is not like a tree—you can not tell how old she is by counting her rings.

ESTELLE SMITH TO KATHERINE WADE: "Psychology is a study of the brain, thought, feeling and emotions."

KATHERINE: "G-g-good gracious! I-I have psychology in me, for it sure did hurt when Dr. Woodward pulled the nerve out of my tooth."

Miss Myrtle Bouldin is very fond of the study of birds. Her favorite birds are the Eagle and Martin.

WILLIAM (after breaking his mother's hand-painted plate, was scolded by Mr. Wynn): "Did you break it on purpose, William?"

WILLIAM (with down-cast look): "No, sir; I broke it on the floor."

MISS BOULDIN IN CHEMISTRY: "How do you tell the difference between ferrous and ferric iron?"

HATTIE HENLEY: "Look at the label on the bottle."

LILLIAN JOHNSON: "Oh! my goodness, I've lost my Trig."

SAMMIE SMITH: "I'm so sorry, that was such a cute pin."

LIZZIE WILSON TO ADELAIDE SEVIER: "Adelaide, did that man sing a vocal solo?"

ADELAIDE: "No, I think it was a tenor solo."

(Anna Belle McMillion reading very indistinctly in Junior English).

MR. WYNN: "Anna Belle, please read so that I may tell where you are."

ANNA BELLE: "It's on page 161, Mr. Wynn."

## IN THE REALM OF MARTIN

Now, to tell you of our Martin dear,—

You'll find it on a pretty grassy mound

In Middle Tennessee, just over here,

In the realm of Martin.

And gathered within her spacious walls,

Many a winsome lassie, you may find,

Who can tell you "how goes it in the halls",

In the realm of Martin.

Everything moves in harmony here,

Seemingly a melody doth foretell,

As the days, weeks, months, glide into a year,

In the realm of Martin.

May the "best", continue for all time,

Is the dearest wish of all who once,

Could call those sacred treasures "mine",

In the realm of Martin.

A TEXAS GIRL.

## Silly-Gisms

A cannon is a military engine;  
Our chapel teacher is a Cannon;  
therefore,  
Our chapel teacher is a military engine.

Wind hits in high places;  
Our president is a Wynn;  
therefore,  
Our president hits in high places.

A mason is a person who builds with bricks;  
Our mathematics teacher is a Mason;  
therefore,  
Our Math. teacher builds with bricks.

Reeds quiver in the breeze;  
One of our pupils is a Reed;  
therefore,  
One of our pupils quivers in the breeze.

A joiner is a uniter;  
Our Domestic Science teacher is a Joyner;  
therefore,  
Our Domestic teacher is a uniter.

A porter is a doorkeeper;  
Our art teacher is a Porter;  
therefore,  
Our art teacher is a doorkeeper.

Grass is fresh and green;  
Our Music professor is a Grass(e);  
therefore,  
Our music teacher is fresh and green.

A miller is one who runs a mill,  
Our monitor is a Miller;  
therefore,  
Our monitor is one who runs a mill.

A turner is one who practises athletic exercises;  
Our classmate is a Turner;  
therefore,  
Our classmate is one who practises athletic exercises.

To bolden is to make bold;  
Our Science teacher is a Bouldin;  
therefore,  
Our Science teacher tries to be bold.

A staff is a support;  
Our editors compose a staff;  
therefore,  
Our editors are a support.

A Martin Box is the home of wise birds;  
Our Annual is the "Martin Box";  
therefore,  
Our Annual is the home of wise birds.

## “Hot Rolls”

1

For de Lord's sake, Miss Wynn,  
Not all dis flour I'll need;  
Kase I know dat up at Martin,  
"Taint no million gals to feed.

2

You says dey's always hungry?  
But I know dat if dey try,  
Dey couldn't eat a million rolls  
If dey did dey sho' would die.

3

Yit I aint no lazy nigger'  
I'll do jest what you say—  
But do you know, Miss Wynn,  
I'se been kneading way 'fore day!

4

My mis' she's done and left me,  
To finish up dis bread;  
I'se done my best and honestly,  
Dis nigger's nearly dead.

5

I wish you'd seed dem faces,  
When dem hot rolls wer' set down!  
For de gals and teachers in dat room,  
Forgot the-way to frown.

6

Dey giggled and dey giggled,  
And dey laid down fork and knife,  
Forgot all else dats in the world,  
But bread, "de staff of life."

7

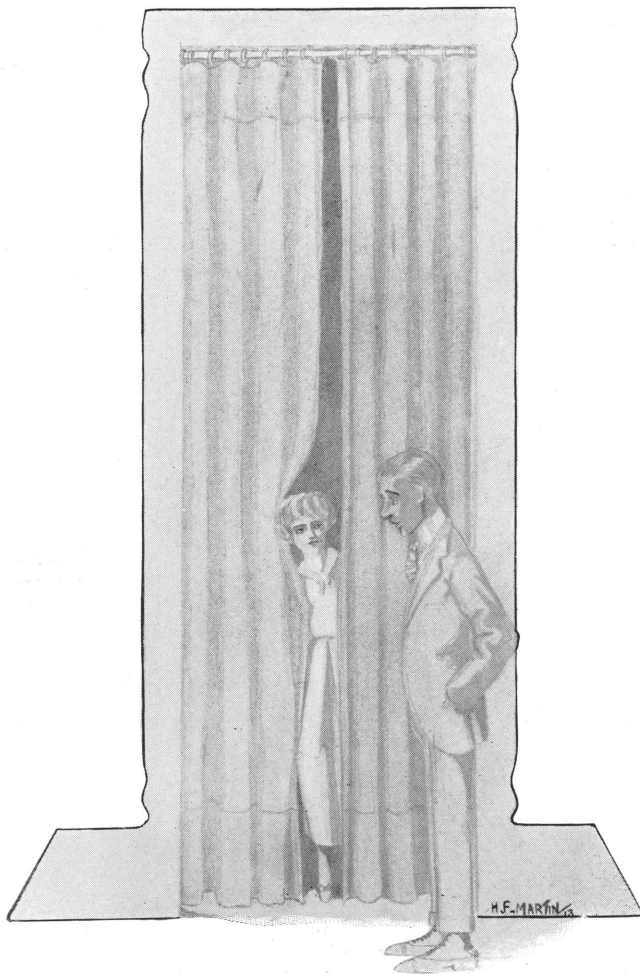
Dey sho' mus' all lack puffed up things,  
Kase dem rolls dey rise up high!  
Dey et and et up ever one,  
I tho't dey sho would die.

8

Often now I makes hot rolls,  
We tried 'em and et 'em furst,  
But when dem gals sees 'em in sight,  
Wid joy dey nelly bust.

9

But I jest loves to makes 'em,  
For dem gals is starved I know;  
Bein' dat pious Faculty,  
Keeps working on 'em so.



THE END



LAUGH  
AND  
THE WORLD  
LAUGHS  
WITH  
YOU.

SOME ARE WISE  
OTHERS ARE  
OTHERWISE  
BUT THE WISE,  
ALWAYS  
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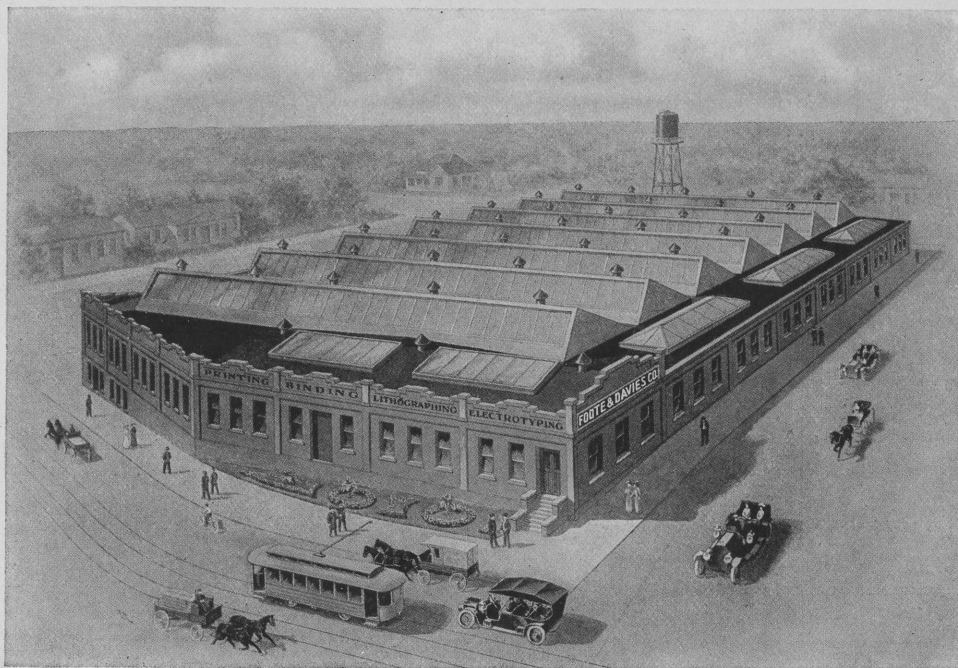
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PULASKI, TENNESSEE

Organized February 23, 1904

Capital Stock - - \$60,000.00

Surplus and Profits \$65,000.00

#### OFFICERS

R. H. PORTER,  
President  
N. A. CROCKETT  
Vice- President  
JNO. M. HARWOOD,  
Cashier  
JNO. M. HARWOOD, Jr.  
Asst. Cashier  
THURMAN SMITH,  
Asst. Cashier  
BEN CHILDERS,  
Attorney

P. C. EDMUNDSON'S

## Economy

## Store

Dry Goods, Laces, Notions,  
Embroideries, Shoes, and  
Ribbons.

We solicit the trade of all  
economical buyers.

PHONE 257

## JOB PRINTING

*Programs  
Stationery  
Folders*

## Engraved Work

*Invitations  
Announcements  
Cards*

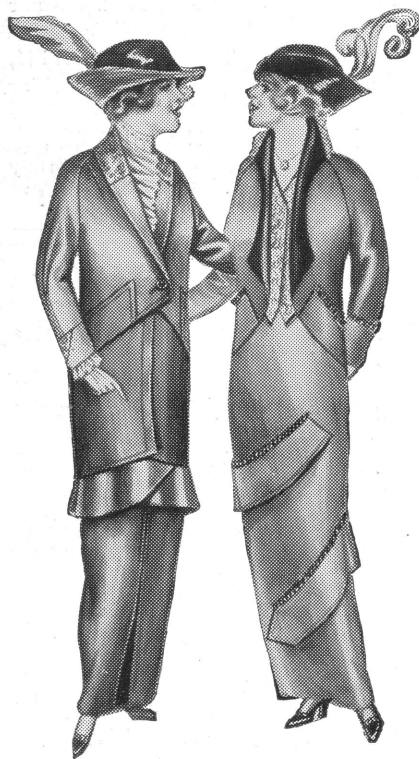
Work and prices are right.  
Boost the paper that boosts your  
institution.

The Pulaski Citizen

**KENTON  
MANUFACTURING  
COMPANY**

(Incorporated)

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
**CLOAKS, SUITS AND SKIRTS**  
LOUISVILLE, KY.



"Ask your dealer for Kenton garments.  
If he doesn't handle them, write to us  
for catalogue and samples."

**E. F. CORBITT**



MAKER OF

**High-Grade  
PHOTOS**

415½ CHURCH STREET

TELEPHONE MAIN 2211

**NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE**

Largest Stock

Lowest Prices

## **Cohen's Cash Grocery**

The Home of Better Values  
WHOLESALE and RETAIL

PULASKI, TENN. Phone 34

## **PULASKI STEAM LAUNDRY**

Prompt Service and Fine  
Work is our Motto.

**TRY US**

PULASKI, TENN. Phone 60

## **Dr. N. N. Woodward**

### **DENTIST**

Office: Up-stairs over P. C. Edmondson's  
Dry Goods Store

Office Phone 93 Residence Phone 186

THOS. H. HOLT DAVID W. BLOW

## **Pulaski Produce Co.**

Wholesale Exporters

**Eggs, Butter and Poultry**

**Poultry, Live and Dressed**

## **G. L. Zuccarello**

### **GENERAL MERCHANDISE**

800 North First Street

Phone 270-r.

PULASKI, :: TENNESSEE

## **Stone, Porter & White**

### **Live Stock Exporters**

Dealers In

**Horses, Mules, Cattle,**

**Sheep and Hogs**

PULASKI, :: TENN.

# National Peoples' Bank

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

Capital-Surplus-Profits  
\$112,000.00

The Patronage of the College Teachers and Pupils  
Especially Solicited

Prompt and Courteous Treatment to All

Razzle, Dazzle, Sis, Boom, Bay,

**Martin Special!**



Made each day at

**REEVES & SON'S**

DEALERS IN

**Drugs, Toilet Articles  
and Fancy Stationery**

PULASKI - - - - - TENNESSEE

CALL

**KING & SISK**

F O R

Everything carried in a first-class

**Dry Goods Store**

**SPECIALTIES**

Menihan Shoes, Laces and  
Embroideries

Thompson's Corsets, Eiffel Silk  
Hosiery

Our Most Valued Asset is Satisfied  
Customers

**PHONE 83**

PULASKI, TENNESSEE



## **ROBINSON -McGILL Vehicles**

The kind the tasty customer shows  
no doubt about

Carefully Selected Material  
High-Grade Workmanship  
Rigid Inspection

Our Motto: A better buggy for the money  
than any competitor

Sold in Giles County Exclusively by

**The Robinson-McGill Buggy Co.**  
Pulaski, Tennessee

## **SHORT BROTHERS & STONE**

The Daylight Store

EVERYTHING IN  
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS  
AND SHOES

Quality Our First Consideration

Prompt and Courteous Attention  
to All

PHONE 74

**SHORT BROTHERS & STONE**

## **When Shopping**

don't fail to call on the

### **NEW DRUG STORE**

Everything New and Clean

For anything handled by a first-class  
**DRUG STORE**

COMPLETE LINE OF

**Stationery, Correspondence Cards  
and all Kinds of School Supplies**

Let us make your Visiting Cards, Commencement  
Invitations, or Monogram Stationery

We serve the best drinks in town, and deliver any  
where, any time, QUICK. Come in and see us.

You are always welcome and we appreciate  
your patronage

Special attention given to the wants  
of the College Girls

**Alexander & Martin**

PHONE 204

NEXT TO THE UNION BANK

## **Our KODAK**

Finishing and Enlarging  
is nice, clean, crisp work all the  
way through

If you like this kind send your work to us

**Geo. C. Dury and Company**

420 UNION STREET

Nashville - - - Tennessee



**Martin Hardware Co.**

**HARDWARE**

Stoves, Farm Implements, Etc.

PULASKI, .: TENN.

Phone 76

**APPLETON**

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

—AND—

**PICTURE FRAMER**

PULASKI, TENN. Phone 13

**SOUTH END GROCERY**

Staple and Fancy

**GROCERIES**

Candy and Fruits of all Kinds

Pulaski, Tenn.

First Main Street

Phone 138

  
**A. J. KINSEY**

**SOUTHERN REPRESENTATIVE**

**NASHVILLE, TENN.**

  
**Steele-Wedeles Company**

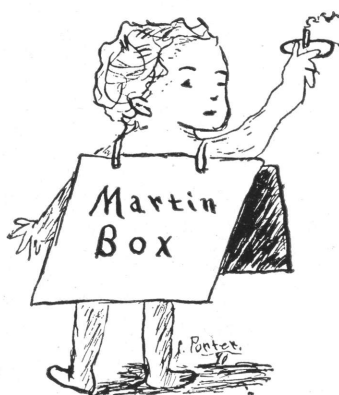
**- - WHOLESALE - -**

**GROCCERS**

**Importers, Jobbers and Manufacturers**

**South Water and LaSalle Streets**

**Chicago, Ill.**  

*"Go, little Booklet, go!  
And win for Martin fame,  
Till everywhere you have went,  
They're glad that you have came."*



